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The VALLEY

STYLING: WENDY MANN

By . . .

HELEN FRIZELL

I SAW Margaret Meurant this morning. It must be thirty years since I last saw her, and both of us have changed a lot since then. Nobody, excepting my own friends in our rather isolated valley, has ever known my name. The name of Margaret Meurant is known everywhere. Not only in Australia, but overseas, too.

We see her picture in newspapers, we read her articles, and say to one another: "Margaret Meurant was born here." It is as if her fame as an historian and archaeologist is shared in a way by us.

After the seven o'clock news at night, her deep, clear voice has come. Somehow the very words she says gain value by that voice—inclusive and ironic.

The message she gives us is usually on the same theme.

"If," she said last Wednesday night, "you housewives, you country-women could only take more interest in history you would find that it is not dry and dull. It is, I think, the most fascinating subject you could choose."

"For it shows the mistakes that have been made in the past, mistakes which are being made again to-day, and could be avoided. You have seen war springing from the past, but the present so soon becomes the past that what you do now will affect your own future."

"So you may plan ahead, learning from errors in the past, for your own community and for the world."

We know the truth in what she says, but, remembering Margaret as a girl, I have always had a faint doubt as to her sincerity. You see, leaving the valley as she did, I wonder what interest she ever had in her home, and feel that personal ambition was more in her mind.

This morning I went to her old home to see her. And I found out what I wanted.

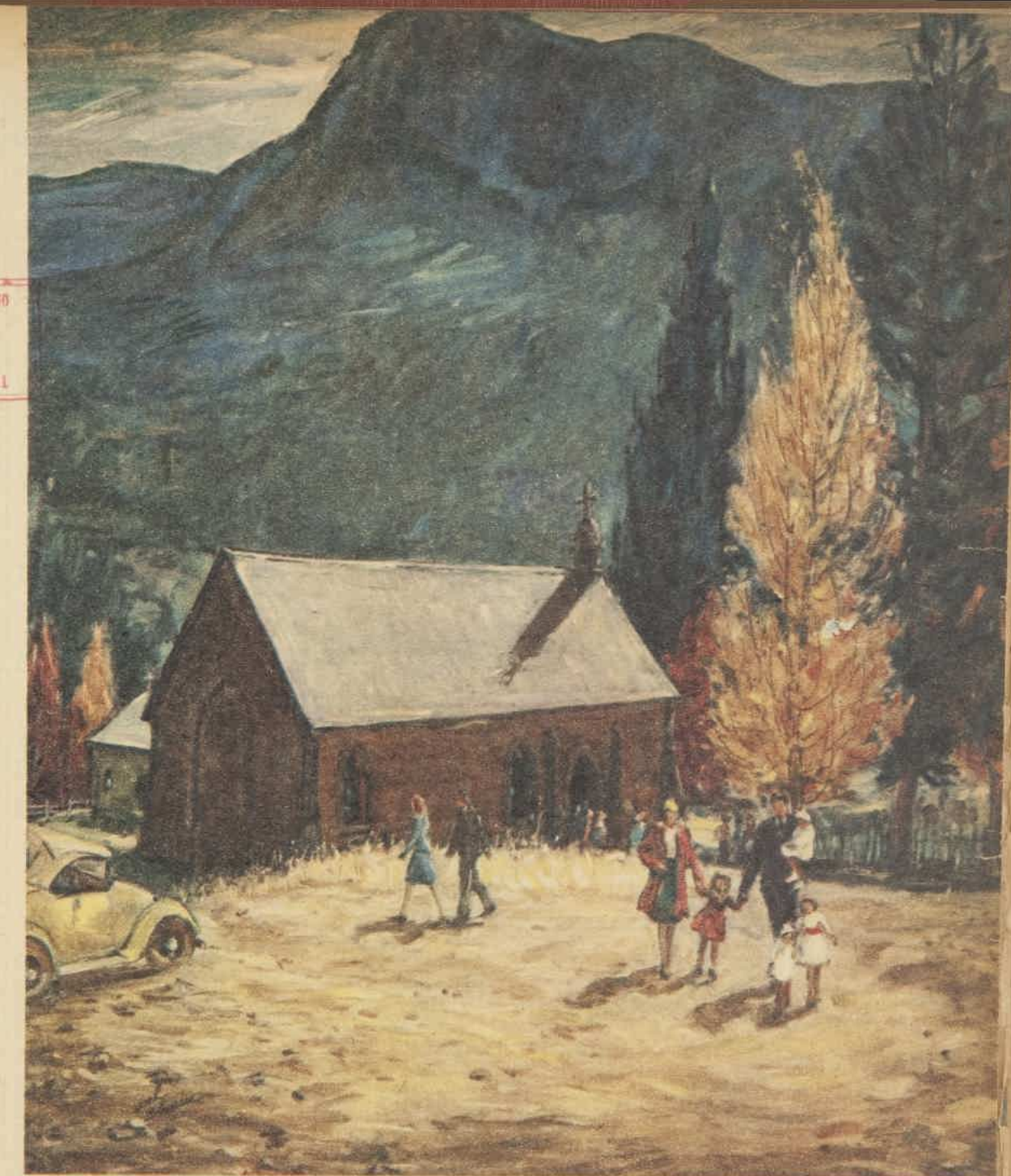
Here, in the valley, it is bitterly cold in winter. The winds funnel down, blowing off the high, flat-topped sandstone ranges, down to where the river winds erratically through the rich alluvial soil near its banks.

Margaret Meurant's 100-years-old home is half way between the river and the range on one of the spurs that jut out from the steep cliffs. I think that the early Meurants must have looked for the most difficult place to build, for no one else has chosen that spot since.

The stony boulders and thick gum forest still look as they did so long ago. Wild and uncivilised. Which makes me admire more than ever the symmetry and mellowness of the home.

Since Margaret's parents had died it had been leased to a succession of tenants. City people, who could afford the best, and who did not have the taste to recognise it. Then, gradually, they would tire of the valley's remoteness and quiet, and others would take their place.

We watched this coming and going curiously, hoping that some of these men and women might want to live here. The possibility of Margaret's return did not occur to us. She was overseas, and we heard of her travels through the Balkans, Crete, the Mediterranean, and Britain.



Each Sunday the valley folk come to worship at the little church, mellow with age and tradition.

and easily in a greying roll around her head, her bright eyes welcoming. I was immediately conscious of a vital spirit. One which did not rely upon mere physical beauty to attract.

There remained something of Margaret, the girl whose directness, whose contempt for the commonplace, had set her apart from us all.

Then, as her smile welcomed me, I saw that life had done something to Margaret Meurant, apart from bringing her success and fulfilling her ambition. The years had given her tolerance, I thought, and the gift of human understanding.

Just the easily spoken words, "How are you, Mildred?" in her charming voice told me what I wanted to know. The use of my first name implied that in all her association with the great she had not forgotten me.

This pleased me, for it is human to like a little flattery. The old sincerity was still there.

"Sit here, and I'll get you a cup

of tea," the voice went on, breaking into my thoughts.

So I settled myself comfortably, and while she was gone my memory went back, a long way back, to when we were both girls.

At school Margaret was unpopular. She was too clever, too direct, contemptuous of the others in the class who failed to keep up with her, and scornful of some of the teachers.

While we struggled with dates, and tenses, French and arithmetic, Margaret would take it in with half the effort.

It was when she was sixteen, red-haired, sarcastic, and very thin, that she told us what she was going to do.

"I'm not going to live here in a rut for the rest of my life," she said. "I'm going to travel, and write, and meet people. I'll never marry, either. Just imagine being stuck here on a farm for another fifty years, bringing up children, and being too busy ever to read a book!"

I told my parents that when I got home. They laughed.

"The girl doesn't know what she's talking about," my father said. "A little cocky at the moment, going through the phase of being too clever for her own parents. But in a few years, here she'll be married and settled down, like all of you."

There was a dance at the end of the year in the Village Hall.

We were all there. All the girls in the district were there, driving in buggies, hair tied up in scarves to protect it from the wind. Margaret, characteristically, hadn't bothered, and her curly red hair was blown about her face as she walked into the dingy hall with her brother.

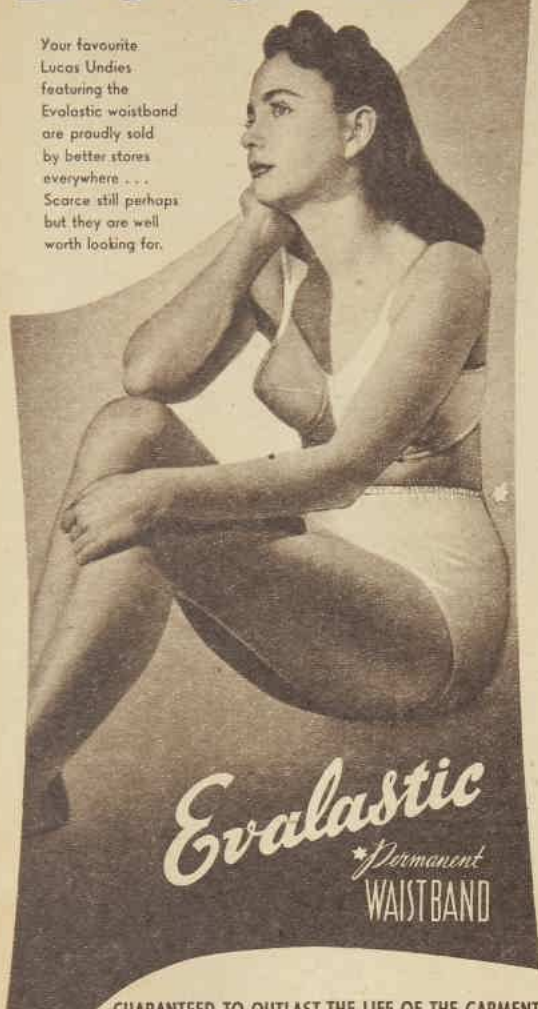
Streamers hung from the sides of the walls, looping artistically, and green branches were banded along in front of the stage.

I was wearing pink. I remember, full skirted, full sleeved, just right for a girl of my age, so mother said. Margaret shocked us all. Not the color of her dress, white was quite correct, but the cut of it.

Please turn to page 4

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Gaynor
AUSTRALIA'S Loveliest SHOES

The Valley

Continued from page 3

I BELIEVE she made it herself. I don't think that she really cared how she looked, and she didn't buy as much material to allow for full skirts and frills as we had. Her dress just hung to her, a deep neckline, a tight waist, and almost hobble skirt. Yet it set her apart, made her look distinctive.

She wore no flowers in her hair, or on her shoulders. The shining red hair, the flashing brown eyes were enough.

Young Jim Greer, from the Upper Valley, couldn't take his eyes off her. He was going to the University to study engineering in the New Year. Margaret hoped to go too, if she won a bursary. Her parents were not well off.

Jim went straight over to where she was sitting.

"So you're leaving the Valley," he said, rather sadly. He must have realised what it meant.

Each year more young folk left, going to the city to live, marry, and forget their homes, leaving the older generation struggling along, short of help, and short of the new scientific ideas, which the youth could have brought back here.

Margaret looked at him coldly. "What if I am?" she said.

Jim reddened. He had only been trying to make conversation.

"Well—er—I mean—if you go to the University, I'm going to be there too."

Margaret said nastily: "I don't fancy that we will see much of each other."

Jim tried to pass it off. "Well, we're both from the one valley, we should have plenty in common. After all, the city is different. We'll both miss home."

"Miss home?" Margaret cried. "I want to forget it. I'm never coming back here to live a life of drudgery and dullness. Are you coming back?"

"Yes," he said. "There's a lot I think can be done to improve this place. And that is why I want to be an engineer."

I could hear Margaret's voice rising in temper. "Come back, then, and see what happens to you. You'll just be like all the rest."

With a greater dignity than I knew Jim possessed, he answered her.

"I wouldn't mind that. The rest, as you call them, are all right. You're the one who is wrong, Margaret. You're too bitter. I think the qualities the valley people have are the very ones you need. A little tolerance wouldn't harm you at all."

Then he walked away and left her, sitting very straight, trying to ignore the curious glances she received.

She could not leave, either, for I was dancing with her brother, who had driven her down. No one asked her to dance. They were afraid of her acid tongue. She sat there, as if to prove that she did not care in the least.

Those memories that had flashed through my mind vanished as I saw the older Margaret pulling her chair close to mine.

"So you married," she said. I smiled rather smugly, thinking of the four little boys and my husband, set against Margaret's archaeology and history.

"Yes," I told her. "I have four children now."

"I never married," she said. "Tell me about all the people I knew, and what has happened to them. I am so out of touch . . ."

So I told her. Of the girls we knew who had married, of their

children, and of those who had left us for the city.

She smiled at me. Her alert brown eyes seemed interested rather than aloof.

I asked the question I had been holding back.

"What made you come back?" I said.

"It is hard to say," she answered slowly. "I knew that a time would come when I'd want a retreat, a place where there is no competition, where there is some kind of solidity. You might think that a life like mine has been would have satisfied me, but for years I have felt that I'd have to come back."

She paused.

"Everything becomes routine sooner or later," she went on slowly, "and mine was a routine of travel and strange people and hard work. Then the war came when I was abroad, and this place would have seemed heaven to so many millions."

I nodded. I saw what she meant.

She continued: "Then, when I did get back to Australia and heard that the valley was going to be made into a dam to supply the city with water, that made me decide that I would come back here to live until we all move."

We were silent. The water scheme had been a long time planned, but they were really doing something about it now.

We knew what it meant, how the city people needed it, and how few we were in contrast. Still, it was our home. I wondered how they would feel if their homes and land were flooded, turned into an inland sea, drowning all the history and memories of the past.

Margaret poured the tea out into the old-fashioned egg-shell china.

It was so quiet that I could hear no noise. Only quiet sounds like teaspoons tinkling in the cups, crows cawing desolately, a dog barking somewhere, and a car's gears grating as it climbed a hill.

It was a car I knew, and it was this hill. It steered carefully up the last steep bend, and a man got out to open the white gate. He was my cousin, Jim Greer. The engineer in charge of building the dam.

I looked at Margaret. She knew him at once. She put down her teacup, carefully, and stood up to meet him.

He held out his hand. "Why, you're Jim Greer, aren't you?" Margaret said.

He took a long look at her. I don't know if he remembered the last time they had met. After all, it was only a trivial incident which could be easily forgotten.

Then he smiled.

"It is strange that after all this time we should both be back in the valley," he said. "I've come, Miss Meurant, to tell you about this water conservation project. I have to notify everyone about it. I'm in charge of it."

Margaret Meurant was not obtuse. Her published works had shown that. She looked at Jim, still dark haired, still with a hard, lean frame, brown from working outdoors, and she saw what this job meant to him.

It was success, certainly, but by a grim twist of fate his success meant the destruction of the valley and the home that he loved.

Margaret said softly, "I don't know whether to congratulate you, Jim, or to say I'm sorry that you are the one who has to do this."

She made him sit down, gave him tea, and listened to his plans.

I am sure we were all thinking of the same thing. Of cold, dull water, fathoms deep over this wistaria-framed verandah. Water hiding the orchards, the quiet farms . . . growing the stories of the convicts and bushrangers who had once hidden in the convenient hills.

Yes, there would be water making the old church in the valley into a fabled church like the ones you read about in Europe, where you look down into the sea, and there are lost cities below, the spires of churches, and the faint ringing of bells.

Please turn to page 10

The Lighter Side

Someone should write a treatise on the Curious and Strange Habits of Lamp Buyers. I was loitering with legitimate intent last week around a Mazda retailer's counter.



In swept Mrs. Lydia Foot-Candle. Unleashing her handbag, she said, "I want a lamp, please." With admirable patience the Mazda man asked, "What kind of lamp, madam?" Turning to me, Mrs. Foot-Candle murmured, "Surely the dear man doesn't think I came in here for a hurricane lamp or a blow lamp?" To the man about the counter she said in a forlorn voice, "An electric lamp, of course!"



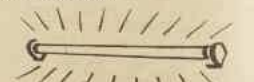
With the faintest of sighs the Mazda man asked, "Do you want the lamp for your lounge-room, madam, for your kitchen, or for the porch?" I'm thinking of the wattage. Looking as though the harbouring of any such thought was indicative of moral decadence, la Foot-Candle haughtily admitted that she required the Mazda for her lounge, and even then sniffed suspiciously when the dealer wrapped her up 100-watts of perfect light.



It's high time we realised that we can't buy lamps as we would a pound or two of carrots. When we go to buy a Mazda we should think in terms of light—not of a glass bulb enclosing a filament. And if we're buying for the kitchen or a room in which reading, sewing, or other close-seeing is to be done, we'll be wise to think in terms of 100 watts and upward.



Those who are old enough to remember the transition from brittle gas mantles to hissing arc lamps and on to the glowing filaments of the first electric lamps, are apt to regard the lamps and fittings of current days as the last word in perfected illumination. Round at Australian General Electric, however, they quickly told me that the last word in Australian home lighting is as yet unspoken—except in commercial and industrial circles. The word is "fluorescent."



FINAL THOUGHT. Bernard Shaw says that youth is such a wonderful thing that it's a pity to waste it on the young. It's a comforting realisation, however, that Mazda lamps keep their youth long after they've passed juvenility. That's why they "stay brighter longer."

Lennie Lumens

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Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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FORBIDDEN BEACH

He thought that happiness could be found by running away from life.

It looked just the same, Richard thought, as he stepped from skiff to mole at Yoluho. The same windbreak of flame trees fronting the beach, and behind these the cluster of thatched roofs, and green palms leaning toward the sea.

Richard liked it, though not for what was there but for what wasn't. Hurry wasn't there. Strain and impatience weren't there. Jostling crowds, mad traffic, housing shortage, long queues of harassed people waiting to be waited on weren't there. Instead, only peace and balminess and languid life.

He turned for a last look at the freighter which had brought him here. She was anchored in the lagoon, loading copra from lighters.

Richard Lowe blew a kiss to the ship. Then his face tightened as he remembered why he had come back. He took the reason from his pocket—the brief, crisp letter he had found waiting for him on his return home from the war.

Once again he read those brutal lines from a girl who had promised to marry him, telling him that she had married someone else. Then he tore the letter into bits and dropped them into the sea.

He turned then, and walked resolutely to the shell-paved beach street. A brown boy followed with his bags.

The few Yoluhanos on the waterfront failed to recognise Richard out of uniform. It was a year now since his Navy Corsair had crashed on this beach and most of his two months here had been spent in bed, convalescing from broken bones at Dr. Orth's.

In the long shadows of sunset Richard followed a curved shoreline toward Orth's house. A gentle trade wind cooled him and the palms bowed towards him. In the lagoon a pao-pao skimmed to the beach.

As its prow struck the sand a slim young girl jumped out and ran to intercept Richard.

"Rich!" she greeted joyously. "It is you, Rich? You have come back to see Nida?"

"I have," Richard said, although he hadn't given her a thought since leaving here. But now he remembered that Orth had impressed this trim little half-caste into duty as a nurse during the operation on his leg.

"It makes gladness," she trilled. Her eyes were like black pearls, Richard thought. Her arms and shoulders were bare and her skin was like brown satin. An ankle-length lava-lava was knotted snugly around her hips and her hair formed a rich dark frame for her face.

"Much time I am think of you, Rich," she said. Then suddenly she was shy and looked down, digging her bare toe into the sand.

"I'm on my way to Orth's," Richard said. "I'll be seeing you, Nida."

"To-night?" she asked hopefully. "Not to-night. I'll look you up to-morrow, Nida." Richard left her then, and walked on.

An attractive kid, he thought, and as bright as sunlight. Primitive, yes, but he was willing to bet she wouldn't let a man down. She wasn't like Caroline Blake. Only Caroline wasn't Caroline Blake any more. She was Mrs. Somebody Else. The thought froze Richard's face into hard, bitter lines.

Then Orth's house loomed on the beach in front of him. Oblique coconut-palms shaded it and bougainvillea ran riot over the thatch of its roof. But to Richard it somehow seemed sadder and more forlorn than his memory of it.

Except that it had windows, and the windows had gay yellow curtains. It was little more than a shack. Only the back half of it had boarded walls. The walls of the front half were merely pandanus-leaf curtains strung between posts.

Richard's step on the shell path

brought Ifi to the doorway. Ifi was Orth's full-blood Yoluhan wife.

"Lieuten Rich!" Surprise and warm welcome lighted her eyes. "When are you here? On the ship?" A lei of frangipani was about her neck. She took it off and looped it on Richard.

"Hello, Ifi," he said, grinning. Yet he was conscious of a minor shock. He remembered Ifi as plump and jolly. She was still jolly, but a little too plump. She must have put on weight this past year. He remembered her as beautiful, but now her beauty seemed to have coarsened a little.

Ifi was 25. Nida, that slim, little half-caste, was just 19. Would Nida, Richard wondered, look like this in six more years?

Richard gave the beach boy a coin and took his bags. He followed Ifi into the house.

The sight of Dr. Orth gave him another shock. Orth was sprawled asleep on a couch, bearded and bleary. Dirty dungarees encased his long legs and he was naked from the waist up.

On a table by him stood a half-full bottle of gin. The air of the room reeked with it.

It wasn't like the man Richard remembered—a skilful, precise surgeon bending over him in spotless white.

"Wake up," Ifi cried, shaking him. "We have guest. It is Lieuten Rich!"

The eyes Orth opened were blood-shot. He sat up, stared stupidly for a moment. Then a slow smile spread over his face. He got up and came to grip Richard's arms.

"Am I seeing things?" he said thickly. "I do sometimes. But it's Rich, all right. Wonderful to see you, boy. Only my head's not too clear. Wait a minute. All I need is a—"

He poured himself a drink, gulped it greedily. "Have one, Rich? No—I remember you don't touch it."

HE clapped Richard on the back and his voice was now steady, natural, hearty. "You look fine, Richard. Came in on that cargo boat? How long can you visit us, boy?"

"I didn't come to visit you," Richard told him. "I came to stay." Orth stared blankly. "To stay?" he echoed. "Here on Yoluho? Well, well! That's fine, Rich; that's just fine." But his words didn't carry much conviction. "Make some coffee, Ifi. Got anything to eat in the house? Rustle us up something."

Ifi disappeared into the back room. Orth waved to a cane chair and Richard sat down, ill at ease, somehow less sure of himself than he had been 10 minutes ago.

He asked with a hint of challenge: "And why shouldn't I, Dr. Orth? I saved most of my pay in the Navy. I've got a check for four thousand in my pocket right now. I'll buy a coconut grove here. Or a partnership with some trader."

Orth rolled a cigarette. As he licked the paper and sealed it he looked with a paternal interest on this young man whose life he had saved after the crash a year ago.

"How long have you been out of the Navy, Rich?" "Two months," Richard said. "And stepped right into a madhouse. You've no idea what it's like up home these days. Complications everywhere you turn. You fight for a place to live, you fight to buy anything, or to get on a bus or train. You get snarled up in taxes, strikes, and—"

"Yes, I heard about it," Orth cut in. "So you got fed up. You, chucked it and came down to where everything's simple. But you're holding back something, Rich. Ifi, what about that coffee?"

Three cigarettes later Ifi brought coffee in cracked cups. On the table she set two nicked china plates. On each plate were lumps of baked breadfruit and a leg of cold chicken.

Orth dashed some rum into his coffee. The coffee was good, Richard thought. So was the breadfruit. But the chicken leg seemed half raw.

Tropic night closed on the island and Ifi lighted an oil lamp. Richard could hear waves lapping the beach and from some floating pao-pao a guitar strummed. The singing of natives came down the wind.

When Ifi took the plates away Orth rolled another cigarette. His fingers were grimy and nervous. His eyes were still bloodshot. His voice, though, was keen and searching as he said abruptly: "All right, Rich. Now tell me the real reason why you chucked everything."

"But I've already told you."

"No, you haven't. No use trying to hold out on me, Rich."



This was not the man he remembered, Richard thought, staring at Orth.

here, I am. And here you are too, Rich. We both ducked and ran. The difference is that the disappointment I ran away from was real—while the one you're running away from isn't."

Richard stared. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you're off your beam and steering wild, Rich. Because I know something you don't. After you left here the priest on this island, Father Anselm, got a letter from Chicago."

"From Chicago? You mean Caroline Blake wrote to a priest here?"

"No, I mean a priest in Chicago, named Father Michael, wrote to an old confrere of his named Father Anselm. The letter was about Caroline Blake. She did not run out on you, Rich. She didn't get married."

Richard gripped Orth's bare arms and shook him. "Don't lie to me, Dr. Orth. Or are you just trying to be funny?"

"You won't believe me," Orth said, breaking free. "But you'll believe a priest. Wait here, Richard, and I'll bring Father Anselm."

Before Richard could question him further, Orth left the house and disappeared into the night.

Richard paced the room, his mind in a turmoil. Orth was bluffing him. He had to be. Richard became aware that a lei was still looped about his neck. It gave him a festive look that didn't match his mood. He snatched it off and tossed it fretfully on the couch.

A sweltering hour passed. Then footsteps crunched on the shell path.

Orth's voice spoke from the night. "Come in, Father Anselm."

Orth ushered his guest in, and Richard saw a thin, kindly face under a black, wide-brimmed hat.

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By ALLAN V. ELSTON

body else and gone to Brazil."

"That makes two of us, Rich," Orth said with a sardonic laugh. "Two of us who couldn't face 'em."

"Face what?"

"Realities, disappointments. Life's full of 'em. Sometimes we stand up to 'em. Sometimes we duck and run. Like I did. Like you're doing now."

"You?" Richard questioned.

"I graduated as a surgeon," Orth said. "Then I bungled my first operation. The patient died. Other patients abided away. I got bitter and went on a spree. I went out broke. So I took a job as a ship's

doctor. There was nothing to do on that ship but feel sorry for myself and lick up rum."

"I did both until finally the skipper kicked me ashore here at Yoluho. I've been here ten years—just like you see me now."

"But when I was here a year ago," Richard protested, "you looked—"

"I looked respectable," Orth supplied, grinning sheepishly. "Yes, there were two short interludes in the ten years. One was when we had an epidemic in the interior. It was tossed into my lap. I handled it because I had to. The other time was when you crashed on the beach."

"I had to operate or let you die."

"Those were two realities. When I was forced to face them I was Dr. David Orth."

When they were gone I reverted to a—well, look at me, Rich."

Orth refilled his rum glass. His hand shook as he lifted it to his lips.

Richard frowned. "Listen, Dr. Orth," he said. "When they got me to the Navy hospital at Long Beach they X-rayed your operation on my thigh. They said it was one of the most skilful jobs they'd seen. They wouldn't believe me when I said it was done in a beach cabin."

"They said that?" A grateful gleam flickered in Orth's eyes. In a moment it faded and he said, with a grimace: "Well, anyway,

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AT ALL FINE CHEMISTS AND STORES

YGC.246

The GARDENIA CASE

SENSATION breaks in fashionable Chetwynd Court flats when the body of a murdered man clutching two gardenias is found in the seventh-floor flat of FRANK and VIDA INGLES.

The other seventh-floor tenants are war widow NESTA COWIE, discharged serviceman J A C K SISLEY, in love with NESTA; lovely, spoilt war widow CYNTHIA FRY with her small son MILES and his amah; CAPTAIN PETER DRISCOLL, engaged to Cynthia, and MAJOR EUGENE HANSEN; Dutch refugee WILLI VAN ANDERS.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and DETECTIVE-SERGEANT NANNING are in charge of the case, which is complicated by conflicting or improbable accounts of their movements given by the various tenants and TRENERY, the caretaker.

Other developments include a mysterious visit by NESTA to collect belongings from a cheap residential, and her sudden coolness toward both Jack and Van Anders.

Intercepting her when she is out walking, Jack asks her brusquely why she did not tell him that her husband was still alive.

Now read on—

NESTA stopped dead, drawing her breath in sharply. She turned abruptly to face Jack. "What?" she demanded. "What?" "I thought you were a widow," Jack said slowly. "I thought there was nothing for me to worry about—nothing of that sort, I mean. And now I find it's all quite different. There is a husband or something. And a whole heap of mystery about him, too. Why didn't you tell me?" "I don't know what you're talking about. Please leave me alone. I don't want to discuss anything." She hurried on.

He said, with a lightness in his tone that didn't ring very true: "It's a pity you didn't think to mention it, because I was just keying myself up to ask you to marry me; to share my humble fortunes."

"Honored, I'm sure!" "Never mind; I'll stick around in the hopes of being your second."

"Are you thinking of getting rid of my first?" "Maybe. Murder's in the air." He went on talking glibly so that she wouldn't have a chance to shake him off. "The fact that you've drawn me on callously for the last three weeks and then to-day brutally knocked me back I've decided to forget. I've done more than buy the ring. Did you know I'd bought a citrus orchard? Citrus and passionfruit?"

"I believe you mentioned it."

"I believe I did. However, it's not much use going into all that now, is it, as you're hitched up already?"

"None of this conversation is of any use."

"Fool that I am. I thought you loved me."

"Did you?" "Didn't you?"

"Nearly . . . maybe."

"This husband of yours—won't you tell me who he is?"

"No, I won't."

"You won't?"

"No. How—how did you discover anything about him?"

"How did I discover? This morning you went to a house in a street near the docks and asked for your husband's clothes. Got them, too, and took them away in a suitcase."

"There was a pause for quite a while, and though she didn't stand still, he felt the check in her walk and a kind of shiver go through her.

He let it ride—the bluntness of what he'd said—and didn't try to help her out, though he felt she was skurrying round in her mind for how to answer.

Then she burst out: "I do detest being spied on! There's nothing more contemptible than a man who goes creeping round after a girl, dogging her footsteps in the street when she's shown him she doesn't want him."

He dropped her arm like a hot cake. "Well, the stars'll fall before I dog YOUR footsteps! If you imagine—"

"Or maybe you're working for the police?" she jeered. "There's a word for it, isn't there, in criminal circles—a copper's mark?"

He burst out laughing at that. "Listen, NESTA you can't make me lose my temper. It's cute of you to try, though — to muddy the stream." Suddenly he seized her wrist, jerking her round to face him.

"Why don't you tell me what you're doing, what the mystery's all about? I don't claim any special right to muscle in on your affairs. It's not a question of whether you love me or hate the sight of me. It's only that I'd do anything on earth to help you if you'd only let me. Anything, I'd—"

"Don't say that," she cried. "Don't SAY it!" She stood still, gripping the back of the seat they'd stopped at. "Go—WILL you go!" Her voice sounded shrill, in a way that wasn't like her, and she stamped her foot at him, like someone trying to drive away a persistently following dog.

He said quietly: "Listen, darling, you're worn out. I don't suppose you've had any dinner. Come and have something now. We'll go somewhere quiet. Just a few oysters or something."

"No."

"Well, come back home and I'll make you some coffee."

"No, no, no!"

He saw that this was the worst suggestion of all. "Okay, have it your own way. I'm through. But let me tell you, you're making a big mistake to try and play a lone hand at a time like this. Whatever it's about."

"And you're making a bigger one to try and mix yourself up in it. If you didn't follow me how did you discover I'd been to that house this morning?"

He hesitated. "As a matter of fact—I'd better tell you, though I suppose you'll eat me for this, too—I HAVE been snooping. Snooping through a snooper."

"What do you mean?" "Trenerry told me."

"Trenerry?"

"Yes, I was in his office talking to him just before dinner to-night."

"Well?"

"Well, he seems to have a very fine technique of telephone snooping and he overheard that Inspector bloke talking to Headquarters on his phone. Trenerry pieced things together as well as he could, and told me what he'd heard or thought he'd heard." He paused, but NESTA remained silent, and he continued speaking.

"Of course he may have got the whole thing wrong. I must say it sounded pretty tall to me. Maybe you haven't got a husband . . ." Still she didn't speak. "Maybe you didn't go to this house at all? Or get those clothes? . . ." Her silence was fantastic. "But Trenerry says the woman at this place, at this residential," he went on grimly—it was no use pulling his punches now—"the woman there has described the girl who came. The police are going to get her along for identification."

"Now, Mrs. Cowie, why didn't you tell us yesterday that the dead man was your husband?"



For the best part of the long, stifling morning NESTA had been at Police Headquarters. She hadn't been in Grogan's office three minutes before he had got up out of his chair and gone out, closing the door after him.

He stepped into the next office and pulled shut the wooden slide that had been open an inch or so between the two rooms.

Mrs. Ives stepped back from it. She looked smug this morning, smug and almost respectable. The cops weren't muckin' about tryin' to get somethin' on her this time! They'd got somethin' on somebody else and she was in with them.

She flicked a thumb over her shoulder. "Yes," she said, "that's her all right."

"You'd go into the box on it, eh?"

"Any time. It's her, all right. She had on a white dress yesterday and a hat with a blue ribbon. I took partikler note."

Grogan said: "Okay. The sergeant'll give you a paper to sign, that you've identified the corpse and the woman that called for his clothes." And he went back to his office.

There was a faint smile on NESTA's face as she looked up at him. "Well?"

"Why don't you tell me what the mystery's all about?" he said, jerking her round to face him.

she said, "did my charming friend of the residential have a good look at me through the squint hole?"

"Right. She did. Good guess." He sat down at his desk again. His hands straightened the papers in front of him and he leant back comfortably.

So the interrogation had begun, the questioning, the probing, the suggesting, all by turns—the dropping of a point only to come back to it again and again. And one question above all others: "Why didn't you tell us the murdered man was your husband?"

It seemed to NESTA that she had tried to answer it a hundred times. Once again she tried, her eyes dropping away from Grogan's, a swimming blackness in front of her.

"I don't know. I don't know why I didn't."

"Can you give us any reason why you didn't identify him as Derek Cowie?"

"It was—the shock, I suppose."

"You knew he'd been murdered?"

"Yes."

"Then if you thought the person who'd killed him was someone you'd never seen or heard of—as you keep telling me—why did you refuse to

identify the body? It doesn't make sense, now, does it? See?"

"Things don't always have to make sense," she said.

Grogan wagged his black head knowingly. "Oh, yes, they do. My word. Things make sense, all right, if you look in the right direction. And this is the sense I make of it: You thought someone you knew had killed him."

"No! No, I didn't. I didn't at all."

"And that's why you didn't say it was him. You were trying to shield someone. That's about the strong of it. You just went into that room, took a look at the body, and came out with a real poker face. Don't know him—never seen him before! But we discover he's your husband. Now, why don't you tell me who you suspected? Maybe the person you think did it isn't the one at all. But it might help us to find the real killer."

"I tell you I don't suspect anybody. I didn't yesterday. It was—it was just the shock and horror of seeing him suddenly like that. I was sort of stunned. I felt I had to have time to think."

He didn't even bother to answer this. He just shook his head slowly, beating a tattoo on the desk.

Please turn to page 28

By MARGOT NEVILLE

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WING YOUR WAY WITH



Check... and Mate

Sparkling comedy romance
of two wily opponents and
the girl they both loved

By...
JAY WILSON



"There's your solution. Child's play," Freddy said, waving airily at the board.

It was generally conceded in the circles in which he travelled that the discovery of the atom bomb had been something of a setback to Freddy Ferguson's chances of proving himself an acceptable son-in-law to General Lane. Had it been Freddy, for instance, who had made the discovery, the General might have been impressed. As it was, it was felt that just one more field had been closed to Freddy, and his chances of being regarded as other than a blithe sort of idiot by the father of the indisputably lovely Jo reduced by just that much.

As a matter of fact, it was not entirely certain that Jo herself did not go along at least part way with the General's views on Freddy.

"And don't ever," Jo said one evening, "let Father see you swallow a lighted cigarette again. He was retired for ulcers."

They were dancing at El Morocco and Freddy completed an intricate little side-step and glide of his own invention before answering.

"I don't really swallow it," he said. "Don't be an ass," Jo said. "You've got to do something about Father, you know. Assert yourself. Show him you've got something."

"Card tricks?" Jo sniffed daintily. "Save those for the children."

"I've just learned 'The Donkey Serenade' on the harmonica." "Freddy," Jo said impatiently, "are you really as big a chump as you sound sometimes? There is probably nothing Father would like to hear more than a harmonica selection than the sound of a harmonica player sizzling in hot oil."

"Stuffy old coot," Freddy sighed. "What's he want to be so grim for? Of all the millions of parents you could have had, why you had to select that old moose is more than I can understand."

By the slight stiffening of the slim body in his arms he knew that somehow he had not said quite the right thing. "What I mean," he

added quickly, "is that I don't know just what he expects in a man."

"Perhaps," Jo said coolly, "he just expects a man."

Freddy grunted. If there was one criticism he might have made of the girl he loved it was that deep within her there was a streak of the General.

She could laugh at his jokes and listen to his harmonica. She danced like a spring breeze in his arms and he thought she was almost ready to love him as he loved her. But every now and again the General came out in her and she would want him to prove something for the mere sake of proving it.

Lately she had become stiffish about the General. She wanted the General to approve of Freddy. He, Freddy, didn't care whether the General approved of him or not.

"And I suppose," Freddy growled, "that I'm not a man?"

"Would you care to have me quote Father?" Jo asked, still cold.

"You know, Jo," Freddy said, "your trouble is you're not satisfied with things as they are. You'd want a car to pull like a truck and you'd want a truck to do seventy miles an hour . . . and you'd wreck them both trying to make them do what they weren't built to do. Why don't you relax? You can't make me over."

It was, he felt, a neat and pointed little speech. Something for Jo to think about. If she had a reasonable bone in her lovely body she'd see what he meant. The music stopped and they went back to their table. Jo was silent and Freddy congratulated himself upon having gained a point.

At the table Jo said: "You're rationalising. You know perfectly well you'd like father's respect. In fact, I insist on it."

Freddy sighed again. "Did it ever occur to you," he asked, "that perhaps your father does not measure up to all the things I think he should be?"

Jo stared at Freddy. "Don't be ridiculous," she said. "Sometimes he gets in my hair," Freddy muttered, ignoring all danger signals. "Sometimes I feel like telling him he's rude, uncivilised, and . . ."

"He's home right now," Jo interrupted. "Why don't you tell him?"

As Freddy explained later, a form of madness came over him from which he awakened to find himself in the Lane library face to face with Jo's father. He describes that awakening as one of the more horrible moments of his life.

The General was playing chess. That is, the General was absorbed in working out a chess problem by himself, playing both the white and black pieces.

As always, and in spite of anything he had said to Jo, Freddy experienced the usual rubbery feeling about the knees. The General was not a large man, but he gave the impression of vastness. His close-cropped moustache was white frost on a steel-trap mouth.

FREDDY had never before seen the General so absorbed and unaware of his presence. He was sitting forward in a deep leather armchair, leaning over an Oriental table on which was a large inlaid chessboard. The pieces were also large, intricately carved and beautiful.

It was a set, Freddy knew, which only a devotee of the game would be likely to possess.

This was the first time that Freddy had known the General was so keen about the game. At that moment, leaning so absorbed over the board, he looked like Freddy's grandfather.

Freddy shuddered slightly. Grandfather Ferguson had been a master of the game—one who felt that all the mental training required to cope with anything that would come up in life could be taught on the chessboard.

Among Freddy's more vivid memories of his younger years had been those chess lessons his grandfather had insisted on. During the war, at moments when things had been especially tense, Freddy had recalled those lessons and had been able to relax in the comparative peace of his shell-jarred foxhole.

Jo said, "Hello."

The General started. He looked up at her.

"Oh, it's you. Home early, aren't you? Did that young jack-anapes . . ." The General saw Freddy standing there shifting unhappily from one foot to the other and the northern lights flickered in his glacial eyes.

"Har!" he said explosively.

"Har!" Freddy heard himself echo weakly and involuntarily.

The General stared at him. "What did you say?"

"Uh . . . har . . . I think."

"And precisely what does that mean?"

Freddy felt a mild perspiration begin to ooze from his brow. At the same time a little irritation stirred within him, too. Jo was smiling a little. She was being a splintery little chip off the old block at the moment. Freddy pulled himself together.

"It means, I suppose, the same thing that it does when you say it."

An immediate and complete silence settled in the Lane library. Jo stopped smiling and her eyes widened. The General's eyes narrowed. He inhaled a long, slow breath. Freddy held his . . . and waited.

"Young man," the General demanded finally, "are you trying to intimate that I would make an asinine sound like that?"

Freddy swallowed. "You . . ."

"You cleared your throat, darling," Jo interrupted, "to say hello."

"I did not," the General snapped.

He looked at Freddy. "What do you want, anyway?"

The madness that had seized Freddy before now inspired him to seize the best opportunity which had or would be likely to present itself to go on record about what it was he really wanted.

"I want to marry your daughter, sir," he said in a remarkably firm but respectful manner.

The General made a sort of choking noise. Jo stared at Freddy.

"The man is crazy!" the General said finally. "Jo, why didn't you warn me?"

"Darling," Jo said to her father, "that was the last thing I ever expected him to say to you . . . tonight." She looked at Freddy. "Pinhead!"

Freddy's irritation increased. He looked at Jo. "Would you mind explaining that?"

"There isn't a thing to explain, young man," the General cut in. "My daughter said you were a pinhead. It's perfectly clear."

"Father," Jo said, "I didn't really

mean that." Jo was sorry now that she had let Freddy in for this. "Freddy is really very sweet in lots of ways."

"Har!" snorted the General.

"Oh, har yourself!" Freddy said. Even a sweet nature could be pushed too far. Now his eye fell upon the chessboard again. "Don't tell me you've been having trouble with that little problem?"

The General came to his feet. "What?" he roared.

Freddy moved over to the chessboard without answering. He studied the problem that was so like the many Grandfather Ferguson had made him sweat out, then began moving the pieces on the chessboard.

"There's your solution," he said. "Child's play."

The General looked at the board and then at Freddy. The General had been baffled for an hour before Freddy and Jo had come in.

"Any pinhead could see through that problem," Freddy went on, rubbing it in.

The emotions that were actually surging through the General at that moment were only feebly indicated by the flush raging in his cheeks. He stood frozen until at last he succeeded in pointing to the chair across the table.

"Sit down!" he whispered.

"Freddy!" Jo said.

The General drew the white pieces. In six moves Freddy knew that the General was really a keen player, probably one of the best, but that he was throwing caution to the wind to smash Freddy quickly.

Freddy developed carefully, waited for the premature attack he knew the General was bound to make in that mood and then smashed the attack. The General stared at the chessmen as if they were so many small cobras flicking their tongues at him.

He looked up at Freddy. "All right," he said hoarsely. "I resign."

"Why?" Freddy asked. "I could win with your pieces from that position."

"Freddy!" he heard Jo say.

"Don't." Freddy ignored her. He turned the board around. He was savoring triumph at all its sweetest. Pinhead, was he? Well, watch this. In a sort of trance the General played the pieces that had been Freddy's, to lose the second time in ten more moves.

Freddy stood up. "Thank you," he said.

Please turn to page 33

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The Valley

Continued from page 4

WE looked over
the valley to where the church stood,
miniature in perspective, poplar
trees tapering golden up to the cool
blue air. The people would be
gone, too, scattered, no more wed-
ding couples, no more friendly Sun-
days, where everyone sang so
heartily and met afterwards to talk.

Oh, well. If Margaret had her
historical knowledge handy, she
might be able to think of some-
thing to console herself.

Jim was talking on and on, too
technically for me to follow.

I stood up, for I had cooking to
do, and said that I would have to
leave.

So I left them sitting there, while
beyond them the cultivated patch
of the Meurants' garden and with-
ered fruit trees ran downhill to lose
its character in the tangled weeds
and stony outcrops.

Jim told me later, much later,
what happened on that day and
during the next weeks. He was
working nearby, and a friendship
seemed to grow between the two,
which would never have been pos-
sible when they were young.

Margaret was writing in the morn-
ings another history, this time of
her own valley, and in the after-
noons she would walk down to the
other farms and make friends or
renew friendships. White-bearded
grandfathers told her the things that
had happened when they were boys,
and she wrote them down consi-
derately.

Jim used to pick her up in his
car when he finished his toiling
slowly up the hill.

And they talked. Jim of his years
in America when he had seen the
Tennessee Valley project working to
its success, and of the war years
when he was an officer in Engineers,
and of the almost impossible jobs
his men had done successfully.

Margaret listened, not interrupt-
ing as she had done before. Some-
how, the slow tempo of the valley,
its tranquillity and quiet added to
her already changed nature, made
her one of us.

We used to ask her over for after-
noons and all at around knitting,
while children ran shouting around
the yard, and there was not a ves-
tige of her old impatience left.

In the week-ends, when work
lapsed, she and Jim went for long
drives out to the mountains.

My husband said that there was
a romance brewing. I laughed at
the thought of it, for Jim was still
a bachelor at 49 and showed no wish
to be otherwise. I said that they
were both so stuck in their own
ways, so well-ambitious, that I
did not think it possible.

I imagined Margaret talking in
her dry, semi-humorous way about
what she had done, of her expedi-
tion to Greece, and one to Crete,
and about the people who had lived
there all those years ago and left
behind them a record in their inde-
cipherable language. I was quite
wrong. Jim told me that, too.

Together they were quite different.
Young, really, without the doubts
and uncertainties that beset youth.
Margaret's laughter rang out as she
and Jim grilled chops over a wood
fire, and as the weeks went by they
used to go out for walks which grew
in length.

Margaret persisted in her idea of
carrying a "gullyhunter," or piece of
branch, as a walking-stick, and
looked comical as she marched along
just behind Jim, jabbing her gully-
hunter fiercely in the hillside.

Then on Sunday nights Margaret
made it her custom to ask a little
knot of people to her home. We
went once or twice. There was an
atmosphere about it, curiously rest-
ful. It seemed as if we had slipped
back sixty years or so, for the furni-
ture was much older, and the wide
fireplace with seats actually inside
it is never seen now.

No one talked much. Jim and
Margaret sat together, Jim getting
up occasionally to change a gram-
ophone record. Margaret was fond
of the classics, and I was just be-
ginning to understand why.

Sometimes the two went exploring
little-known parts of the valley. And

once, when they were doing this,
they came upon the house.

It was almost box-like in shape,
made of grey sandstone, the roof
still on it, but full of holes. No one
had lived there for years. The
verandah, which had been of wood,
had collapsed, or else the wood had
been carted away.

They stepped inside, carefully.
Their footsteps clattered across the
boards. It was just a shell of a house.
High ceilinged, the ruin of a fire-
place in what must have been the
main room, and then the empty
rooms.

Outside the front door stood two
camellia trees, one white, one pink.
The glossy green leaves were
bunched thickly, but in height the
trees were not more than six feet.

As they stood in the ruined
house, looking at the perfect blos-
soms growing tenaciously on the
trees planted so long ago, something
extraordinary happened between
them.

Jim turned to Margaret, and saw
her watching him. The eyes he in-
tercepted were different from those
he had seen when he was a lad.

They were soft, deep, and loving.
There was no bitterness or anger in
them. In fact, there was shyness,
as if this Margaret was really the
girl she could have been. And when
Jim saw this he knew that what
might have been could be.

He took one stride to Margaret,
and before she could say one word
in her sensible, deep voice, he kissed
her and held her tightly. She was
not surprised. It seemed as if this
was what she had waited for, and
they stood there together for a
long time, framed in the doorway
of the ruined house by the two cam-
ellia trees.

They drove slowly down to our
home. Smoke was rising straight
up in the hushed air, for it was
nearly evening. Everything seemed
very old, yet very newly realised.

This was the hour when children
were bathed and put into turned-
down sheets which smelt cleanly
of soap and airing in the sun. Koro-
sene lamps were being lit, the wicks
turned low at first for fear heat
would break the glass.

Above the range, the sun was dis-
appearing slowly, the rays pointing
down straight to the heart of the
valley.

Together they came and told me
they were to be married. Looking
at them I forgot they were middle-
aged and brilliant in their own call-
ings. Perhaps this had a purpose,
this waiting for thirty years, a pur-
pose of ripening and mellowing.

If this had happened when we
were both girls I could not have
kissed Margaret on her cheek with
the affection I did now. She would
have scorned it. Also she would
never have thrown her arms around
me and returned my kiss.

They are to be married in the
country church. In about two weeks'
time I shall decorate it with garden
flowers, simple and scented. Bunch-
ing them and tying them on the
end of the pews. Then I shall take
my seat at the organ and play Mar-
garet Meurant into the church on
my husband's arm.

There will be no bridal dress, only
a plain, soft, blue wool frock and
hat, and the bride's happy eyes.
Triumphantly I shall play the march
as Margaret Greer comes out into
the sunlight on her husband's arm.

Then for five years they will live
in the Meurants' old home until
Jim's work is finished. Just five
years for them both, and then the
water will come. Five years to re-
member the past and to look for-
ward to the future.

I seem to sense that the name of
the valley will be remembered
longer when it is sacrificed for the
many, and spoken of long after
those who placed their faith and
trust in it have also gone.

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of Coogee, Sydney—Brunette, brown eyes.



MISS MARGARET REID
of Perth, W.A.—Brownette, hazel eyes.



MISS ELIZABETH HINDSON
of Brighton, Victoria—Brunette, brown eyes.



MISS BETH KNISPEL
of Adelaide, S.A.—Brunette, brown eyes.



MISS PATRICIA MEAGHER,
Coburg, Victoria—Honey blonde, blue eyes.



MISS LORNA FOLEY,
Windsor, Brisbane—Brunette, blue eyes.

**MAIL
YOUR VOTE
NOW**

Each of these beautiful girls has been featured in our advertising as a "Miss Kolynos of the Month". Now—your vote will decide "Miss Kolynos of the Year"—the girl who will be presented with £100 by the makers of Kolynos Dental Cream. To which girl would you give the

£100? Which has the most beautiful smile? Jot down your choice on the coupon at the right, snip it out and mail to "Kolynos", 44 Bridge St., Sydney. Voting closes December 20. Watch the February 22nd issue of "The Australian Women's Weekly" to see if you have helped to choose the winner.

To "KOLYNOS",
44 Bridge Street, Sydney.

My vote for the "Miss Kolynos"
with the loveliest smile goes to—

MISS _____

Your Name _____

Address _____

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

From English designers



● A romantic white lace and net evening frock. Black sequins trace lace design on bodice and skirt. Shoulder ruffle is of net.

● The English house of Aquier created this dinner gown of burgundy velvet trimmed with 300-year-old Brussels lace at neck and bustle hipline. (Left.)



● Petunia-colored evening gown of Duchess satin by Simon Massey. Made with a strapless, pointed bodice, it has diamante and orchids of dark mauve lace scattered on the full skirt.



● Black nylon-net three-tiered skirt, with shaded pink roses, cascades from a black velvet bodice with pointed waist. This model from Aquier uses nylon-net for the first time.



The violin has a magic of its own when played by the master exponents of the concert platform. Soon, we hope, records will once more bring to the people at large the opportunity to hear the exquisite performances of these artists as often as fancy dictates.

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FOR
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ROGER & GALLET - MAKERS OF JEAN MARIE FARINA EAU DE COLOGNE SINCE 1806



● First step. Lay out on the bed, cleaned and pressed, all the clothes you will be taking. This saves things being forgotten at the last. Have pins, tissue-paper handy.

Lois Green shows you . . . How to pack a bag

★ Much-travelled Lois Green, star of the stage success "Follow the Girls," shows us in these specially posed pictures how to pack your holiday case so that your wardrobe will be smooth and ready to wear the moment you arrive. The tips were given Miss Green by a professional hotel valet who has been packing cases for guests for 18 years.



● Ready to leave. Actress Lois Green shows how you can be smart and suitably dressed for the journey. Brown flannel pin-striped frock won't crumple; hat is small, neat brimmed.



● Evening skirts should be stretched out to full width, sides folded in gently towards centre, making it width of case.



● Correct way to fold. Place left hand on fold, bring top part of garment over with right. Reduce folding to minimum.



● Pleats can be kept in place by pinning tissue-paper over skirt and folding sides inward at seam. Don't pin pleats.



● Shoes should be packed in shoe-bags and slipped down side of case. These can be made at home from odd pieces.



● Tissue-paper makes a good substitute for shoe-bags, preventing soiling of other clothes. Slip odds and ends in toes.



● Topcoats and suits go in last. Fill up case tightly. This reduces crushing. Fold coats face downward, collar turned up.



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this frock



I live in it.

I love it.

I can sun in it.

I can suds it. It's a no-crease,
no-shrink, no-lade Sparva.

When I buy a frock

I look for a label saying

"Sparva"
NO-SHRINK

SUPPLIES AT PRESENT ARE LIMITED

Step out in **COLORFUL** Fashion



JAUNTIES "Sportster." Four hole sling back tie shoe, with peep toes. Sizes and half sizes: 12-2, 2½-6. Colours: Red and white, blue and white, tan and white, saddle tan, all white, all blue and all red.



JAUNTIES "Sunstep." Sling back sandal with peep toe, in sizes and half sizes 12-2, 2½-6. Colours: Blue and white, red and white, tan and white, saddle tan, all white, all red and all blue.

Here's cushioned comfort and snappy style subtly blended in an exciting new Children's and Misses' shoe that bids fair to be the junior sensation of the year! The Spirit of Youth is inherent in the fresh, bright colours of these unique Paddle Jaunties, and they'll certainly put spirit into the step of the lucky youngster who wears them!

Snug-fitting, flexible roomy uppers with peep toes, long-wearing, genuine leather wedge soles, and correct-fitting lasts are combined in Paddle Jaunties to give active young feet the support and freedom of movement they need. And smart! Just take a look at them!

For snappier styles and happier miles—see these sensational Paddle Jaunties.

Paddle

CHILDRENS' & MISSES'
SHOES

Jaunties

PADDLE FOR PREFERENCE

AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, with Australian jockey Tommy Burns, at Ascot, shortly after the Duke engaged Burns to ride for him.

Australian jockey to ride for Duke of Norfolk

Tommy Burns to go to England after 22 years in India

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

The Duke of Norfolk, premier Duke and Earl Marshal of England, with one of the finest racing stables in the country, has appointed an Australian—Tommy Burns—as his jockey.

Burns, who is 42, has spent 22 years racing in India, and for the past five years has been one of India's leading jockeys.

BORN in Melbourne, he is a member of a racing family. His father, Fred Burns, was considered to be one of Australia's greatest horsemen.

Tommy rode three of the Duke's horses at Ascot in October, then next day flew to India, where he will finish up his contract, riding for Mr. Bagree at Bombay and Calcutta, before he returns to England in early March to take up his appointment.

In England he will make his home at historic Arundel Castle, and as the Norfolk's jockey will ride all, or most of, their 30 racing horses.

I do not know who is most pleased with the appointment—modest, unassuming, much-travelled Tommy Burns, the sporting Duke, or his slim, good-looking youthful Duchess, judged one of the best horsewomen in England.

Though Tommy Burns has been jockey to many important and illustrious names in the racing world, there is no appointment he would rather have had. It is one of the most coveted jobs in England.

To ride for the Duke of Norfolk brings not only winners but prestige, and Burns is a jockey who counts his career in performance rather than pence.

The Duke has followed Burns' racing career in India and his riding in Britain over the past few months.

He considers he is fortunate to have wooed Tommy away from India and the fabulously wealthy princes, who think nothing of giving away all the prize-money to jockey and trainer, who lavish gifts of gold and jewellery on their jockeys and

trainers, and give them fine homes and retinues of servants.

But in racing for Britain's premier Duke, Tommy will have one of the finest stables in the country to ride from.

When he puts up the Norfolk colors for keeps he will have broken into English racing in a way that will make him the envy of every jockey that isn't English-born.

Conservative owners

FOR racing in England is most conservative, and few "outsiders" get such an appointment as his.

How that conservatism can be broken down is instanced in what happened to Burns. It was last September that he was asked to ride for the Duke of Norfolk. (The appointment does not mean that he rides for that stable exclusively, but that the Duke has first call on Burns' services.) Immediately after the Australian jockey had offered from other owners.

He rode in the Derby and the Cesarewitch. He rode at Brighton and up in Scotland. There wasn't a racecourse in Britain Burns did not ride on. He met all the leading English jockeys, rode some of the best horses, and he had five popular wins.

The Duke is fortunate in getting Tommy Burns, when one assesses the practical side of the proposition. Arundel Castle, despite its size and historical association, is isolated, short of coal in Britain makes its high-ceilinged rooms and halls very chilly. There are no servants to staff its hundreds of rooms, and it is not customary in England to make a "prince" of the jockey.

Tommy Burns has not seen his new



MOUNTED on Cresta Cup, at Ascot, Tommy Burns photographed just before his first race on one of the Duke of Norfolk's horses.

home yet. He hasn't had time, but the Duchess has told him about it.

Tommy Burns said: "She is one of the nicest women I've ever met, and the most unassuming."

Before the appointment had been long confirmed Tommy and the Duchess got down to brass tacks: "Where would you and Mrs. Burns like to live?" she asked.

"The Duchess' first concern was that we should be made comfortable and have a happy life with them in England," Tommy said.

She made several alternative suggestions in case we found the Castle too lonely and remote, even offered to find us a flat in a new block she is having built.

"You had better bring some servants back with you from India," she said to Tommy when she heard that he and Mrs. Burns had a staff of six servants. And she added: "Why, that is four more than the Duke and I can get."

But Tommy told the Duchess he didn't mind where he lived, nor what the servant problem was, as long as he could bring his two dogs from India with him.

One of these dogs is an Australian silkie. The other is a bulldog.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns have no children, but they have, for many years, both in India and recently in England, shared a home-life with Tommy's lifelong friend and fellow-jockey Edgar Britt.

Mr. and Mrs. Britt have four girls. The Burns are like foster parents to these girls, of whom they are very fond.

At Arundel Mr. Burns will probably see a great deal of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's young daughters, for they, like their mother, are very fond of horses. They go riding each morning with the Norfolk's trainer, Mr. Smythe.

When Tommy Burns returns to take up his appointment they will go riding with him, as he will go out each morning when the horses are being exercised.

Fabulous gifts

LIFE for Tommy Burns will be very different in England from life in India.

Apart from a more austere way of life the enormous purses and prize-money given by the Indian princes are unheard of here—even from the wealthiest owners.

Tommy Burns has several gold cigarette-boxes that must be worth a small fortune. All are presents from Indian racehorse owners for whom Tommy has ridden.

Mrs. Burns (who was a Queenslander, Audrey Phillips) has one of the most beautiful gold bracelets ever seen in this country. It is worth several thousand pounds, and is heavily studded in emeralds.

Mrs. Burns lost a diamond necklace given to her by an Indian

TOMMY BURNS, 42, was born in Melbourne, but gained most of his experience as a jockey in India, where he has been riding 22 years.

prince when the Glenshields, in which she and Tommy were returning to Australia, was torpedoed in 1942. Both of them lost many valuable gifts, but since then the jewellery-box has been well replenished by Indian owners.

Training the Duke of Norfolk's horses is Willie Smythe, who persuaded the Duke and Duchess to give Tommy a ride at Ascot before he returned to India to finish his contract.

Tommy rode the Duchess' favorite horse, Banco, considered the fastest in the stable.

As Tommy mounted Banco the Duke said as he looked admiringly at Tommy in the sky-blue and maroon Norfolk colors:

"He is a fine rider. I have been watching him for some time, and was delighted when he agreed to come to us."

The Duchess first put up her racing colors in 1937 when the austere attitude of the Jockey Club was a little shaken by the daring black-and-white Mickey Mouse she proudly registered. She wore the colors herself when posing for the photographers.

Six months later the Duchess changed her racing colors, for it was felt that Mickey Mouse wasn't serious enough for the wife of the premier Duke.

She substituted sky-blue and scarlet check, very like the Duke's colors. Their racing stables are jointly owned.

When the Norfolk's trainer, Major Gilpin, was called up during the war, the Duchess herself took over training the horses.

Mr. Smythe, their present trainer, said: "No one knows more about horses."

Few people have racing more at heart than the Norfolks, who have spared no time or expense to see that the equine bloodstock industry of Britain is preserved.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER

DURING the next three or four months thousands of Australians will take their annual holidays, those precious weeks that combine a pay envelope with a taste of freedom from toil.

So this issue devotes a number of pages to holiday matters.

Some people celebrate by throwing off white collar and business suit for clothes that would scarcely grace a tramp. Others vote for a spell of luxury and elegance.

Whatever the choice, everyone wants a holiday from his workaday self, snatches briefly at dreams of the sort of life he'd like if the dire necessity of earning a crust didn't govern his doings 50 weeks of the year.

The right of workers to a yearly break is widely recognised to-day and most awards provide for it. Yet it is not so long since pay for even a day's holiday was begrudged.

In 1843, Charles Dickens caricatured for all time the mean employer in the person of Scrooge, who bitterly reproached his 15/- a week clerk, Bob Cratchit, for expecting a holiday on Christmas Day.

"If I was to stop half-a-crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound," he argued. "And yet you don't think me ill-used when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket," said Scrooge. "Be here all the earlier the next morning."

No doubt there are some Scrooges left to-day, but they're fighting a lost battle.

May your holiday this year be all you hope for. . . Have a good time!

A marriage is arranged . . .

This is the story of a man who has organised 16,000 weddings

Seeing one wedding reception safely through to its conclusion is enough to wreck most people, yet last week we interviewed a Sydney man who, in the past 13 years, has organised 16,000 down to the last detail.

He's not a clergyman, or a marriage-broker, or a bigamist. He is the proprietor of an establishment which caters for wedding receptions.

HE'S very much alive and kicking to-day, and, far from being embittered by his not-always-as-per-schedule experiences, has recently announced his own engagement.

He confessed the work was nerve-racking, funny, full of the oddest human-interest angles, and—in some way that he couldn't quite describe—particularly satisfying as a means of earning a livelihood.

This man runs his very successful business with the intense organisation of a field-marshal manoeuvring an army in the field.

Telephones link the orchestra dais in the ballroom, the bar, and several other concealed vantage points with the office, which is the nerve centre of the organisation.

Drivers waiting at the church report back that the ceremony is running to schedule and that the guests appear to be the number specified.

If at some particular moment the reception appears to be hanging fire the office is informed, and a buzz will go out to the musicians to liven things up.

As well as the catering, decorating, and providing dressing-rooms for both sexes of the bridal party, this establishment also collects the clothes, presses and lays them out ready for their wearers, and in the case of the bride and groom will repack and deliver them back to the bride's home.

There is a permanent staff of 80, comprising cooks, who only make the desserts, pastrycooks, musicians, and chauffeurs.

And they handle four weddings almost every Saturday.

As one wedding follows on after another, organisation has to be faultless.

By discreetly moving the wedding party from reception-room to buffet, or to coffee-lounge and ballroom, and shutting off the used room as soon as it is finished with, it is possible to have one reception going on while preparations are in hand for the next.

"The system must work," said the proprietor, "because we've never had one bride treading on the train of another."

"When we turn four people armed with vacuum-cleaners loose at the same time, they have the room absolutely fresh before you know where you are."

According to him, nerves afflict bridegrooms more frequently than brides. One groom fainted three times, twice at the church and once at the reception.

Supplying grooms with protection from high-spirited bachelor friends is only part of the work.

But once the groom's car has been smeared with grease, and a liberal coat of confetti plastered on it, there isn't very much anyone can do about it.

The mother of the bride usually manages to appear happy, self-possessed, and enjoying the social eminence of the moment. Fathers,

forced into the occasion's unaccustomed sartorial restraint, frequently are less so.

Fathers, too, are less easily persuaded to wear the correct thing.

One elderly father recently insisted on wearing a white tie with a dinner-jacket, and supported this peculiar choice by quoting "Black for funerals and white for weddings. That's what it was when I was a boy and it's good enough for me still."

Once during a reception, clouds of smoke were seen to issue from the



MARRIED. After the quiet wedding ceremony comes the reception, the organisation of which is a problem for most people.

pocket of the dinner-jacket of the bridegroom's father. Rushing to his assistance, the proprietor discovered an ancient briar pipe to be the source of the trouble.

Strictly against the orders of his wife, the old chap had succeeded in smuggling in his dearly loved pipe, but, having lit it, lost courage and sheepishly replaced it still alight, in his pocket.

Getting the happy couple away with their correct luggage is no mean feat. By making the newlyweds personally check their cases, the management thought they had devised a fool-proof method. But not at all.

Quite recently the saxophone case belonging to a member of the orchestra was taken in mistake by the honeymoon couple, who in early wedded bliss carried it round the country with them for the next three weeks seemingly unaware that

STAFF PROBLEM SOLVED

THERE is no staff problem among the 80 employees of this Sydney wedding-reception establishment.

The profit-sharing system is used, and the staff shares in a monthly bonus.

The proprietor also gives a staff party once a month, complete with music and all the extras.

This gives all the employees a lot of fun, and a chance to see something of each other out of working hours.

neither of them played the saxophone.

In less romantic vein were the pair who planned to have a camping honeymoon.

Throughout the reception they kept saying to each other and the proprietor, "Don't forget the fly-spray. Whatever you do, don't let us forget the fly-spray."

This was the only occasion in 16,000 weddings that he can remember having seen such a prosaic article figuring in the luggage.

As well as supplying photographers, the place of the reception itself, and on occasion even giving the bride away, he once had to supply needles and cotton to a bride whose scanties had come off during the ceremony.

Distracted asides having had no effect on the bemused groom, it was left to the clergyman to say firmly at the end of the service:

"Young man, your wife has been making signs asking you for the past five minutes to pick up something that has fallen on the floor. I think it will be best for you to carefully pick them up and leave with them hidden under your arm."

To assist tongue-tied grooms, the proprietor quite often prepares a well-thought-out and witty little speech, sending him a copy some days before the wedding, so that the groom can practise at home, and make an easy and gracious speech when the moment arrives.

In dictating these to his typist, it is his invariable habit to refer to the bride as Mary.

But one groom, who had learnt his speech off pat direct from the copy, nearly wrecked his own wedding by standing up and referring to his devotion to Mary, when he had just married a girl called Dolly.

Tired of the dithering of members of the wedding party, who are habitually not ready, want to go back and make a final adjustment, and would send the wedding cars off on last-minute errands, he works out a split-minute schedule and submits it to the bride for her signature. Each driver is given a carbon copy of the instructions from which he must not deviate in any circumstances.

One afternoon the car carrying the groom was half way to the church when frantic requests were made to the driver to go back to the house.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the chauffeur, "but we have the strictest orders to keep exactly to the okayed instructions. If we were to go back now it'd throw the whole timing out."

"You'll just have to go back," said the increasingly distracted groom.

"Sorry, sir, it's more than my job is worth."

"Job or no job," cried the bridegroom, "I've left my teeth in the bathroom, and I'm not going to be married without them!"

Interesting People



BARONESS ALBERTINE VAN AERSSSEN

club manager, pianist

SMILING, blue-eyed, distinguished

Dutch visitor here, Baroness Albertine van Aerssen, is visiting her brother, Baron van Aerssen, Netherlands Minister. Keenly interested in art, an accomplished pianist, until recently she was manager of one of Holland's best-known women's clubs, the Nederlandsche Vrouwenclub, Amsterdam, for over 20 years. Before leaving Europe she managed a hostel for the rehabilitation of homeless Dutch nationals arriving from the Netherlands East Indies.



SIR BRACEWELL SMITH

teaching, hotels, Lord Mayor

HIGHEST civic position in England, Lord Mayor of London, is held this year by recently elected Sir Bracewell Smith. Sir Bracewell has had varied, interesting career. Born at Keighley, in Yorkshire, 62 years ago, he was trained for teaching profession; but he left the academic world to achieve amazing success in the hotel industry. He is now chairman of Ritz, Carlton, and Park Lane Hotels and Cafe Royal.



MISS YVONNE WEBB

third book of poems

STENOGRAPHER Yvonne Webb, of Sydney, who has just had her third book of poems published, says: "My major interest is human behaviour. I spend my leisure time going to Little Theatres and writing poems, scripts for A.B.C. children's sessions, short stories, and song lyrics, two of which have been set to music by famous song-writer May Brabe. Favorite diversions are sunbaking, horse-riding, dancing." The Australian Women's Weekly started publishing her poems when she was 16, published one a week for six years.



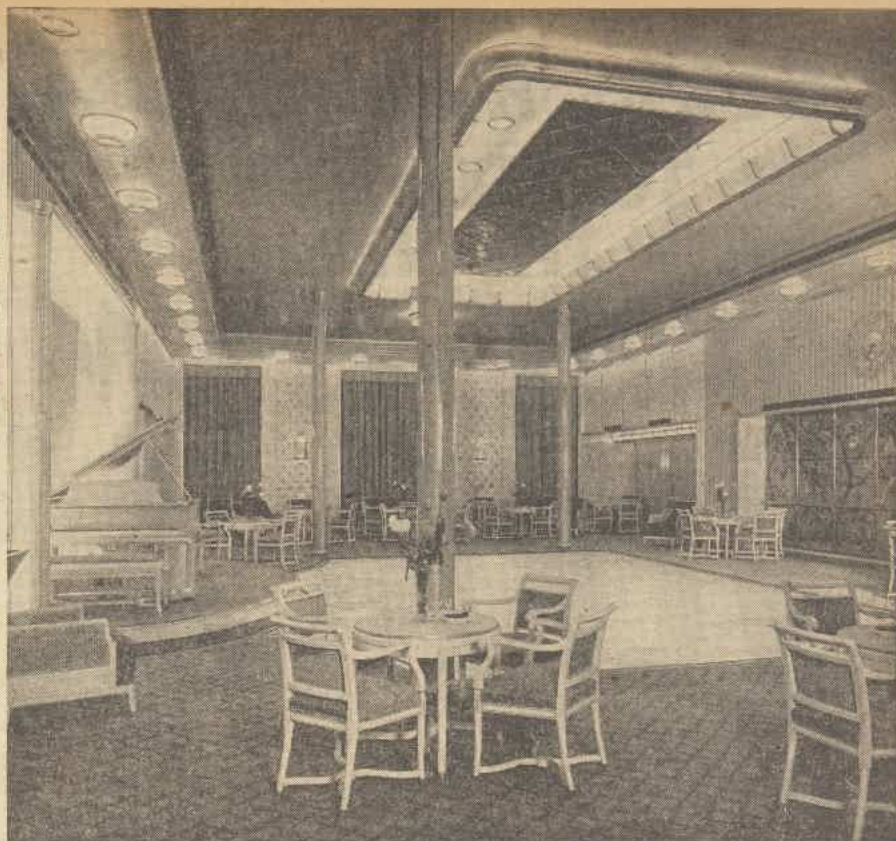
IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



SMOKING ROOM. One hundred women French polishers put finishing touches to the furniture and panelling. Approved by the Queen, the special shade of greenish blue named Elizabeth-blue is the ship's prevailing color note.

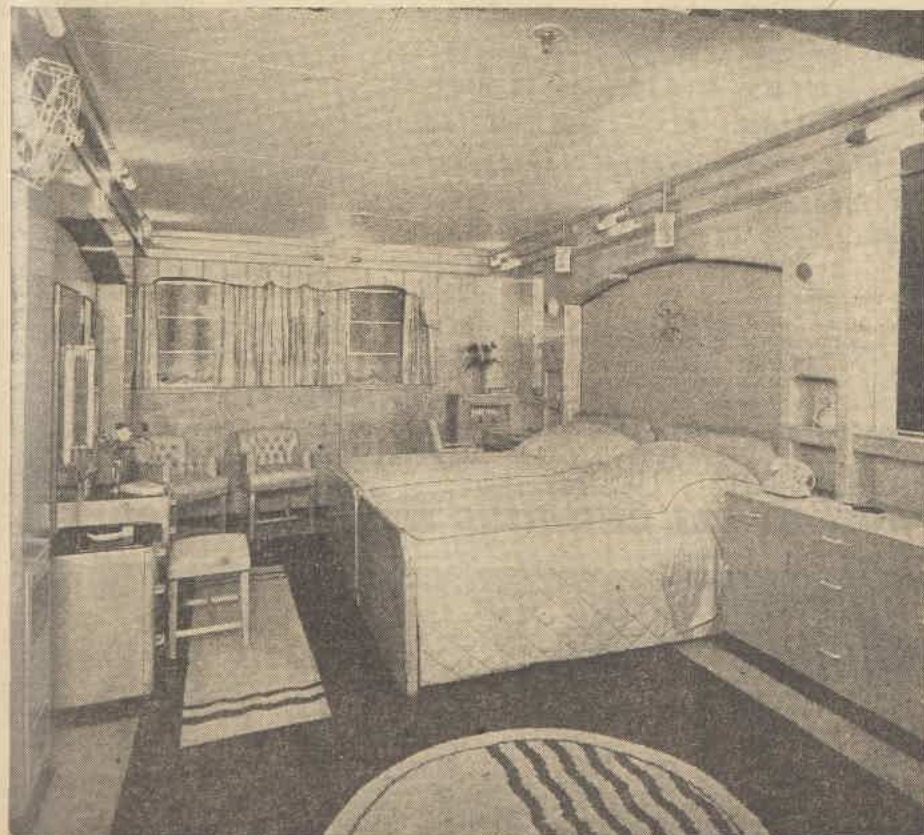


MAIN LOUNGE, its carpets soft as cushions. Furniture and fittings were scattered for safety during war—some to Australia. Much of it could not be copied to-day.



ELEGANCE and luxury, combined with the most perfect taste are shown in the furnishings and decoration of the salon. Indirect lighting, walls of soft quilted leather alternated with panels of pale amber velvet with a fluted surface, and furniture of creamy willow create an atmosphere of subdued richness. Hides of some 1500 cattle were treated for use on the studded leather walls.

Elizabeth, queen of the seas again



RARE AND LOVELY WOODS have been used in the decoration of the bedrooms, each of which has its own phone, vacuum jug by the bedside, air conditioning and central heating controlled by switches within easy reach. Dressing table and other furniture are last word in modern design, with special lighting. Fares for the four and a half day luxury voyage—First class, £91, Cabin £56, Tourist £41.

★ The Queen Elizabeth, largest liner afloat, is now making fast transatlantic crossings as a wonder luxury liner again. It took 2000 workmen, 30 tons of paint for the exterior alone, 21,000 pieces of furniture and equipment, and 4000 miles of electric wiring to transform her from the grey and secret wartime troop transport into the virtually new ship of unparalleled beauty and luxury that she is to-day. Many notables travelled on her first few voyages.



COCKTAIL BAR and observation lounge have stools and chairs upholstered in softest kid, fluted ceiling. Ship has page boys and telephone girls, confidential secretaries, luxury shops, and a library of 5500 books.

KILL ALL INSECT PESTS IN 30 SECONDS WITH THE NEW— *DOUBLE ACTION* **VERM-X**

Scientifically compounded to include the most efficient proportion of D.D.T. and Pyrethrum. D.D.T. for long-lasting, killing power; Pyrethrum for quick knockdown and instant death to all insects.

The new double-action Verm-X and D.D.T. — the deadliest insecticide you can buy — kills **FLIES, MOSQUITOES, MOTHS, SILVERFISH, COCK-ROACHES, FLEAS, ANTS, BUGS** and all other insect pests, but is guaranteed harmless to humans. Ask for Verm-X and spray regularly.

In two forms:

VERM-X
In 8 and 16 oz. bottles, quart and gallon tins
READY TO USE

OR
VERM-X
CONCENTRATED INSECT EXTERMINATOR
in sizes to make
1 pint, 1 quart, and 1 gallon

VERM-X Concentrated Insect Exterminator added to kerosene (as directed on each bottle) gives you the same double-action death dealing insect spray as ready to use VERM-X but with added economy.

NOW AT ALL CHEMISTS AND GOOD STORES

**PLEASANTLY
PERFUMED
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STAINLESS**

VERM-X *and* DDT

SPRAY — CONCENTRATE

C-A-S-E 4

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

MOST of you born under the signs of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius will be wise to seek promotions and changes because fortune is looking your way now. Many Librans and Aquarians can benefit, too, from thoughtful and planned actions.

Leonians and Aquarians will find obstacles and disappointments if they are unwary.

Geminians must beware of losses, partings, and changes, while Virgoans and Pisceans should try to be laudible, otherwise there will be trouble.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Plan and take opportunities which may offer important changes and new ventures ahead and success is possible. Nov. 26, 27, and 28 poor. But Nov. 29 (except 1-3 p.m. and 8-10 p.m.), Nov. 30 (noon-3 p.m.), Dec. 1 and 2 all good.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Things improve a little now, but don't be impatient, particularly on Nov. 26, 30, and early Dec. 1. Nov. 27 (except noon) 28, and late Dec. 1 and 2 very fair.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Beware of indiscretions, impatience, changes, and losses now. Caution will pay you on Dec. 1, 2, and 3. But Nov. 29 and 30 are difficult. Arguments and accidents likely.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Romance, change, contracts, law, and travel are favored now. Nov. 26, 27, and 28 poor, but Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1, 2, and 3 very good.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Go ahead with business, plans, and schemes. Nov. 26 (early), Nov. 27 (morning), Nov. 28 (to



"Do you ever feel that you would like to get away from it all?"

midday), Nov. 29, 30, and Dec. 1 and 2 all very good.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Live quietly this week. Difficulties prevail. Avoid changes, especially on Nov. 26, all Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 2. Discretion pays dividends.

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): Nov. 26, 27, and 28 all mildly upsetting. But Nov. 29 (except noon-3 p.m. and 8-10 p.m.), Nov. 30 (midday and mid-evening hours), all Dec. 1, and 2 after 4 p.m., may be very helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Recent gain can be consolidated on Nov. 27 (all day), Nov. 28 (best to noon), Dec. 1 and 2. Avoid rashness on Nov. 26, 29, and Dec. 1.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Keep busy now. Good opportunities and changes are likely to result. Good gains and favors. Nov. 26, 27, 30 and early Dec. 1 can be pleasant.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Very fair conditions for you on Nov. 26, 27 (except midday), 28, and all Dec. 1 and 2 after 4 p.m., and Dec. 3 near sunrise.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 21): Recent difficulties now ease somewhat. Nov. 27 (near sunrise), Nov. 28 (to midday), Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 1 and 2 all very fair.

PISCES (Feb. 21 to March 21): Keep to ordinary, unimportant affairs now and thus keep out of trouble. Difficulties predominate otherwise. Avoid discord and trouble, especially on Nov. 26, 27, 30, and Dec. 1, 2, and 3.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Your Coupons

TEA: (Black and red) V17-36 and W.
SUGAR: F and Q 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 11, 12.
BUTTER: U19, U2, U4.
MEAT: (Black and red) 29, K9, L9, 59; (green) C19 and C26.
CLOTHING: Y1-56, Z17-115.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the fire-people who live at the moon's core. **PROF. THURSBY:** Is with them, and they have made great friends of the fire-people. **LAURA:** The professor's daughter, awaits the return of the three adventurers at Lunatopia, a moon city.

AMON: A moon man, who organised the visit to the moon's core, sent two moon-men as escorts. **HYRA:** Who is afraid of Mandrake, and **GARO:** Who also wants to destroy the earth-men. Amon had no idea of their hatred. They succeed in bolting the great door into the moon's core, knowing that the three earth-men must perish. NOW READ ON:



MANDRAKE GESTURES-- THE TWO ARE SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR! TO BE CONTINUED.

'ZANS'

is WOMAN'S FRIEND!



£1000 Challenge

OF INTEREST TO ALL WHO
WANT **QUICKER RELIEF** FROM

PAIN!

A challenge to prove that there is no more accurately prepared APC in Australia than 'ZANS'. APC cannot be fully effective in relief of pain unless it is accurately prepared. The manufacturers of 'Zans' APC claim that no APC sold in Australia is PREPARED with GREATER ACCURACY. They will donate £1,000 to any charitable institution if this can be disproved.

'ZANS' is the
Easy-to-take APC

'ZANS' is made in tablet form because tablets (made the 'ZANS' way) are the surest way of avoiding incorrect dosage. Also the tablet form is the modern—most convenient—way of taking APC. If preferred 'ZANS' may be crushed and taken as a powder. Also it makes an excellent APC mixture—2 tablets mixed in a little water give a liquid APC identical with that used in leading hospitals.



Quicker-acting!

'ZANS' ingredients are the purest obtainable. Immediately you take 'ZANS' APC disintegration and rapid absorption by the body commence. This, combined with the extreme accuracy of preparation gives MAXIMUM SPEED and FULL EFFECT! 'ZANS' is the quickest way to stop pain and headaches. It begins to act at once. 'ZANS' lifts depression; in its place comes a feeling of wellbeing and confidence—and there are no harmful or unpleasant after-effects.

Full Hospital Strength

'ZANS' APC is prepared to a formula that is in strict accordance with that laid down by the British Pharmaceutical Codex, and used in public hospitals. Many big public hospitals, in fact specify 'ZANS' APC.

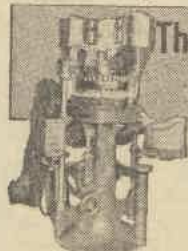
3^d & 1st PKT WORKS OUT AT 1st A DOSE

Read why 'ZANS' APC accuracy ensures such quick and positive results for HEADACHE and PAINS!

First of all what is APC. APC is the most widely used treatment for pain relief in our hospitals. It consists of three powerful, world-famous medicines—AC. ACETYSAL, PHENACETIN and CAFFEINE—combined in a formula recognised to be the most effective. Ac. acetylsal and phenacetin are powerful pain relievers, each working in a different way: the inclusion of both means DOUBLE ACTION—Caffeine stimulates and throws off the depressed, dull feeling usually associated with pain.

WHY IS ACCURACY SO VITALLY IMPORTANT?—APC users want QUICK RESULTS and SAFETY. If any of the three ingredients is not in its correct quantity, effectiveness is impaired. Also if the dose is incorrectly measured, it will mean a harmful overdose or weak dose of a little or no value, a waste of money and no result—ABSOLUTE ACCURACY is essential.

That is where 'ZANS' APC protects you. There is no more accurate method of preparing APC and measuring each dose than by the 'ZANS' special method of processing APC into tablets. This entirely eliminates the possibility—and risk—of incorrect dosage. It is proof against reduced strength. It means that 'ZANS' APC at all times is APC of full hospital strength—it never varies—it must give results—and quickly.



This is WHY we can make this Challenge
Why we show such confidence in 'ZANS'



Here are the two vitally important reasons WHY we are able to claim 'ZANS' APC is prepared to such a degree of accuracy—the precision TABLET MAKING MACHINE shown at left; and the SENSITIVE ANALYTICAL BALANCE shown at right. The 'ZANS' TABLET MAKING MACHINE, embodying the most advanced ideas in the world for accuracy in tablet making does away completely with the uncertain human element. In brief, it means that a dose of 'ZANS' APC is measured with absolute precision. The ANALYTICAL BALANCE used in conjunction with the tablet making machine has a sensitivity of one tenth of a thousandth part of a gramme; it will even register the almost infinitesimal weight of the ink used in writing a few words on a piece of paper.

The great care taken in the preparation of 'ZANS' is a protection for all APC users. It means that in 'ZANS' APC, taken according to directions, you get a specified medicinal dose—you get the CORRECT dose and not a harmful overdose—you get FULL MEDICINAL VALUE, not a useless weak dose.

PLAY SAFE, get 'ZANS' next time you buy APC.

Nicholas Product

Z 7/46

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Forbidden Beach

Continued from page 5

Orth introduced the priest. "Rich, this is Father Anselm. Father Anselm, tell Rich about your correspondence with Father Michael."

"What I shall tell you, my son, will hurt," the priest said gently, "but not so much as the hurt you already have. Truth can never hurt as much as deception. The truth is this: He paused, then went on quietly: 'I once served with Father Michael at a mission in Mexico. From there he went to Chicago. I came here. When your misfortune occurred here a year ago, I thought the fiancée you named might feel comforted if she knew details of your rapid recovery under the care of Dr. Orth.'

"So I wrote Father Michael those details and suggested he pay a call to convey them to the young lady. This he did—and he found her suffering from an incurable affliction."

"Caroline!" Richard cried. "You mean she was sick?"

"Brace yourself, Rich," Orth said gently. "Father Michael said it was something malignant and that she might live six months or a year, not more. But what worried Rich, was that you would be coming home any day and she knew you would be stubbornly loyal. The wedding date had been definitely set at one week after your discharge, and she knew you would insist on going through with it."

"She told Father Michael she would go away where you couldn't find her, and that she would give you a reason for not wanting to. Isn't that right, Father Anselm?"

The answer was prompt and emphatic. "What Dr. Orth tells you is true, my son. If the young lady deceived you, it was sacrificial deception and therefore blessed. Moreover, she herself sent a note of thanks to me and to Dr. Orth. Here it is."

He brought a note from the pocket of his cassock. Richard saw at once that the handwriting was Caroline Blake's. It was dated three days before his discharge from the Navy. Richard took it closer to the oil lamp and read:

"Dear Father Anselm:
I am deeply appreciative of the news you sent me through the kind office of Father Michael. Most of all I want you to extend my thanks to Dr. David Orth for the skill and care which saved Richard's life. I love Richard very much.

"Yours in gratitude,
"Caroline Blake."

A mist blinded Richard and the air of the room seemed to choke him. He wanted to be by himself. He didn't want to talk about it. He didn't want to meet Orth's eyes, or Father Anselm's. He went to the open door and stood staring out at the starlight.

What a fool he had been to doubt Caroline! What a blind, self-pitying fool he had been!

Far out in the lagoon a light bobbed. It came from the deck of the ship that had brought him here. He knew the ship was waiting for flood tide before slipping out through

the reef channel. It would touch at Auckland and then head back for San Francisco.

Whispers from the night came to Richard—the lap of waves at his feet, the stirring of fronds overhead. Those whispers seemed now not to call, but to warn him. Go home, go home!

It came to him now in each murmur of the night. Even Nida was a warning. All the music and charm and beauty of this island, and all the stifling pressure of its loneliness, warned him to go back to the home he had misjudged and keep step with its life.

Abruptly he turned back to the two men in the room and shook hands with both of them. "I guess you know how I feel, Dr. Orth. I'm going home. Thanks and good-bye. The same to you, Father Anselm."

"May God go with you, my son."

"Must you, Rich?" Orth said. "You mean on to-night's boat?"

Richard nodded. "And I'll have to hurry. There may be another boat for a month."

Orth slipped a fatherly arm around him. "I'm sorry, Rich. I'd be sorrier if I didn't know it's the best thing for you. You won't forget us, boy?"

If came up to protest warmly: "But Lieutenant Rich has only come! We have made no feast. We have not even made him the present."

There was a tradition on Yuloho that no guest could be allowed to leave the island without a parting gift.

Orth laughed. "We'll have to dig up something, if." His eyes darted about the room. Then he went to a cabinet and took from it a conch shell. It was a perfect circle, pink-tinted and beautifully polished. Engraved in its bowl were the words, "Aloha from Yuloho."

"I made it for an ash-tray," Orth chuckled. "Every time you knock your pipe in it you'll remember the beach here."

Was that another subtle warning, Richard wondered. "A pretty thing, this shell, but good only for dumping ashes in. The ashes of burnt-out ambition!"

A whistle came from the ship in the bay. "We'll have to hurry," Orth said. "I'll see you to the mole, Richard."

Half an hour later Orth stood alone on the mole and watched Richard's ship glide out through the reef. Then, walking slowly, turning many times to look wistfully at the fading light of the ship, he returned to his shack.

A frail, thin-faced little man was lounging there. He was shirtless and his dungarees were as shabby as Orth's. A priest's hat and cassock had been tossed aside on the couch.

Orth said briskly to If, "Skip along to the mission and hang 'em up there, If, before Father Anselm gets back from the interior."

If took the hat and cassock and ran out.

"He's gone, Harry," Orth reported.

The beachcomber sighed. "You say he had four grand, Doc? Gee,

English housing scheme revives the village green

The village green, favorite spot for a gossip or a game of cricket, and an integral part of life in rural English towns a century ago, has come into its own again.

It has been the inspiration for a town-planning experiment near Birmingham, England.

MR. NIEL ABERCROMBIE, architect and town-planner, who has just arrived from England to work as a town-planner with the N.S.W. Local Government Department, described the plan.

"The houses are built round the green, where only foot traffic is allowed," he said.

"The green may vary in size from, say, five to 15 acres, and it can be round, egg-shaped, or square.

"The fronts of the houses look on to the green, where children can play in safety.

"All vehicles must remain parked in the roadway at the back of the houses.

"Planners have worked out the village-green type of housing on paper, so that it sounds an ideal arrangement; but the housing schemes being designed outside Birmingham are so far the first to feature it," he said.

Mr. Abercrombie said, like all plans it had certain drawbacks. One of them was the burning question of who will look after the green.

The planners realise only too well that any scheme for householders to share the job would probably break down.

"One solution seems to be for the local governing body to see to the job as it does to ordinary council parks," said Mr. Abercrombie.

"All over England the interest in town-planning is terrific," he continued.

"There is plenty of controversy. Everybody gets up and says what he thinks and altogether there is a vital, really exciting atmosphere."

Mr. Abercrombie says that Stevenage, 30 miles north of London, is typical of the satellite towns being built as part of the Greater London scheme to do away with former overcrowding in the city.

Stevenage is a pleasant little town with about 5000 inhabitants. Anything of historical value will remain, and the only houses demolished will be about 100 of third-class standard.

The new town will have 50,000 inhabitants, divided into six neighborhoods with 10,000 in each.

think of the rum we coulda bought with that!"

"He's a good kid," Orth said. "We couldn't let him crash twice on the same beach."

"Yeh," Harry admitted, "I guess three of us on one beach would be too many."

"The hitch is," Orth worried, "that he may go to Chicago and find there isn't any Father Michael."

"There's Father Michael in all big towns," Harry argued. "So he looks for the right one and don't find him. So what?"

"So by that time," Orth muttered hopefully, "he'll be home and over the—well, let's say by that time he will have recovered from his second emergency operation. All the same, you took a long chance showing him that letter."

Harry said: "I couldn't show him the one she really sent, could I? It was you that took the chance, giving him that shell ash-tray—I mean the wedding gift she returned to us with a polite note saying she naturally couldn't accept it because she was marrying someone else."

"Lucky you had that sample of her handwriting to copy from," Orth grinned. "I was scared stiff he'd spot it for a forgery."

Harry looked hurt. "Don't insult me, Doc. Whadda yuh suppose I left Brooklyn for? Harry the Hand, they called me there."

(Copyright)

Each neighborhood will be a complete unit in itself, with its own community centre, including theatre, lecture rooms, child-minding centre, sporting facilities.

Although Stevenage and other satellite towns near London will be Government designed and planned, contracting will be carried out by private enterprise in conformity with the general design.

"Unfortunately, people are inclined to have the wrong idea about town-planning. They think of it as regimentation, and that it will cause loss of individuality," said Mr. Abercrombie.

"Really town-planning is simply the science of living well and conveniently. It means better-planned and more easily run homes, placed so that men will not have to travel ten miles or so to work."

Another indication of the interest in town-planning has been the remarkable public response to a full-length documentary film showing the plans for the rebuilding of shattered Plymouth.

Mr. Abercrombie's father, Professor Sir Patrick Abercrombie, England's leading town-planner, has a prominent role in this film, as himself.

In the film an ordinary Plymouth family, bombed out of their home, is pictured going through the



ENGLISH architect Mr. Niel Abercrombie, who has come to Australia to work with the N.S.W. Local Government Department.

troubles thousands of English families are facing with housing shortages.

There is only one professional actor in the film, a journalist who is sent by his paper to cover the re-planning of Plymouth, and he acts as a sort of Greek chorus, commenting as he goes about his job.

Director and writer of the film is Jill Craigie, and it is produced by Two Cities.

Mr. Abercrombie thinks it will be shown in Australia, and hopes so because many of its problems are similar to those in Australia, as they deal with bad housing and its effect on the community.

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when YOU find out what
TESTS have proved



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SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium — the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dirty film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 421

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INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Major Robert Lindsay, formerly of Grenadier Guards, and his fiancée, Rosemary Knox, daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Knox, of Melbourne.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Normand Teece and his bride, formerly Margaret Black, youngest daughter of the George Blacks, of Cummoock, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Normand is only son of the Clive Teece, of Bellevue Hill.



THE BUTLERS AT HOME. American Ambassador Mr. Robert Butler and his gracious wife photographed at the American Embassy, Canberra. Mrs. Butler, who is an accomplished pianist and singer, is photographed looking through a music score by their grand piano.



LEAVING the Metropole Hotel by car for Forbes, newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Peter Herbert set off for the country after honeymooning in Tasmania for two months. Mrs. Herbert formerly Utha Keir, of Forbes, and Peter comes from "Carrabohlin" Forbes.

Intimate Gossipings

SUCH a dither of excitement about **THE** wedding of the week . . . when lovely Virginia Heath weds Major Michael Hawkins, A.D.C. to the Duke of Gloucester, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, this Tuesday.

Everyone in Sydney so pleased that wedding does not take place in Canberra as did marriage of Brigadier Schreiber and Viscountess Clive last November.

Anyway, it's much more exciting for us Australians this time, as bride is first Australian girl to marry member of Royal Household and will be charming ambassador for this country when she accompanies Michael home to England.

Duke and Duchess come to Sydney for wedding, and reception after ceremony will be at Babworth House, Darling Point, home of Sir Samuel and Lady Hordern.

State Governor, Lieut.-General Northcott, Mrs. Northcott, and their daughter Elizabeth will be among the two hundred and fifty guests. Bride's mother, Mrs. William Crossing, is assisted in entertaining by her mother, Lady Reading.

Wedding has interest throughout the country, too . . . Bride's uncle, Mr. Norman Reading, from Cootamundra, will give her away, while his daughter, Sarah, is to be one of the attendants.

Virginia chooses classical white gown, and her beautiful Molyneux tulle veil and chaplet of orange-blossoms lent by her cousin, Mrs. John Baillieu. Pastel-toned frocks for bridesmaids Anne Price-Jones, Marjorie Hoskins, and Sarah Reading. Best man is popular Captain Sandy Ramsay, A.D.C. to the Duke. Honeymoon will be spent in Tasmania.

FAMILY party to be held this Tuesday night to celebrate Betty Annette Summers' engagement to John Butterworth. Betty is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Summers, of Mosman.



CHRISTENED. Edward Granville Theodore in the arms of his mother, Mrs. Ned Theodore, after being christened at Sacred Heart Church, Randwick. Baby's grandmother, Mrs. J. Heaton (left), Edward Heaton, Mrs. Theodore, Mr. Theodore, Father Power, and Virginia Theodore.



TO MAKE HOME in Kuching, Sarawak. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Lucas, who were recently married at St. Anne's, Strathfield, snapped before they leave Sydney. Mrs. Lucas formerly Judy Johnston Harvey.



CUTTING CAKE. Kenneth Haines, Dimboola, Victoria, with bride, formerly Gweneth Paul, of Cowra, at their reception at Pickwick Club after marriage at Wesley Chapel.



PHOTO FROM MELBOURNE of Sydney folk, well-known K.C., Mr. Bill Dovey, Mrs. Dovey, Mrs. Norman Hill, and the Lang Gibsons, snapped together at late afternoon party during Melbourne holiday. Mrs. Gibson formerly Codge Barrett, of Young.

DATES for your diary. R.A.N.

Children's Christmas Party to be held at Garden Island on Saturday, December 14. All children of serving and deceased personnel are invited to attend. Tickets available 10th floor, Grace Building, Room 1017a, between 10.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., until November 29.

Card afternoon at David Jones', George Street, this Tuesday, November 26, in aid of R.S.P.C.A.

FEEL sorry for the man of the house at times when his womenfolk fill it with women . . . and Governor is no exception, for when I sally along to attend meeting of Y.W.C.A. ES009 Appeal, I see him dash into his study while his daughter Elizabeth does the honors and receives guests on behalf of her mother, who is too ill to appear.

Afternoon tea served in dining-room after meeting, which is ably chaired by Mrs. C. P. Johnson. Mrs. R. J. Lyons read a cable sent by Lady Gowrie from Windsor Castle wishing appeal success, and telling group that a similar meeting was also being held at Windsor Castle in aid of Y.W.C.A.

"WOULD you like me to sing you a song?" asks Mrs. Robert Butler, vivacious and charming wife of American Ambassador, when I visit American Legation during visit to Canberra. Without more ado she sits down to piano and sings two songs from Broadway hit-shows "The Girl That I Married," and "Johnny, Get Your Gun," and "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," from "Oklahoma." Gardens at Legation are now in process of being laid out, and dust from gardens marks lovely polished floors each time any visitors arrive. "We just do housework all day long," says Mrs. Butler. The Butlers have brought all their personal "bits" to make Legation more homelike, including beautiful silver, glass, china, and linen . . . as I was shown through lovely rooms their huge bath-towels embroidered with their names Margaret and Robert catch my eye.

I CAME to Australia because I wanted to find out why so many Irish come here and never want to go back home," says Mrs. Tom Kiernan, wife of the first Irish Minister to Australia, when I chat to her. "We are looking forward to a freer diplomatic life in Australia after our years in Rome, when protocol is observed so strictly," Mrs. Kiernan adds.

Orla and Colm, the Ministers' children, will both go to school in Australia . . . the Kiernans have two daughters overseas. Elton, who is now Mrs. Anthony Hodgson, is living in South Africa. Dr. Kiernan and his wife saw her on their way to Australia. Another daughter, Nuala, at 18 is an air hostess with an Irish airline.

Australia is the third diplomatic post Dr. Kiernan has held—he was in London for 12 years and in Rome throughout the six years of war. Mrs. Kiernan is an accomplished singer, and specialises in Irish, English, Scottish, and Welsh folk-songs. She is a graduate of National University, Ireland, and holds the degrees M.A. and Bachelor of Commerce.

AUSTRALIAN Ambassador to U.S.A., Mr. Norman Makin, gave Phyllis Jesson, of Arncliffe, away when she was married to Commander John Ford Baecher, U.S.N.R., at Navy Chapel, in Washington, D.C. recently. Bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Jesson, of Arncliffe, sent their daughter's wedding frock—a white lace—and finger-tip veil. Phyllis and John will make their future home at Arlington, Virginia. Bride was cypher officer on staff of Australian Embassy in Washington for past two years.

HOME at Wyong planned by Nita Legge, ex-A.A.M.W.S., who plans marriage with Gordon Hart, ex-A.I.F., on November 30 at St. John's, Parramatta. Nita is the only daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Legge and of Mrs. Legge, of Huskisson, formerly of Nowra and Richmond.

joyce

WORTH Reporting

AFTER reading the various reports from our interstate correspondents on the summer holiday situation we're not a bit sorry that we'll be spending ours in our city flat and making occasional tram or ferry trips to the beach.

This is sheer laziness, of course, but we do think that a holiday this year will necessitate a great love of being with people. There just isn't a holiday resort that isn't booked out.

N.S.W.: Most bookings at leading coastal and country resorts were made 12 months ago. Tourist Bureau says that not even stretcher space can now be bought at leading hotels and guest-houses.

Privately owned houseboats on the Hawkesbury River are being let to friends. We can't help wondering where the owners will stay!

S.A.: Bookings for Spencer's Gulf and Murray trips are heavy. Several thousand visitors from hot, dry, dusty Broken Hill will be staying at the Semaphore. Various organisations are trying to find accommodation for them.

Royal Automobile Association is handling 150 inquiries a day from motorists.

VICTORIA: There will be a huge exodus to other States by trains, ships, and planes, and around the coast roads. Twelve hundred holiday-makers will cross Bass Strait to Tasmania each week, and 1170 by plane.

One enterprising company is offering a nine days' trip of plane and land travel in Tasmania for £28.

W.A.: Holiday-makers are prepared to accept any type of accommodation as long as it is at a seaside resort.

QUEENSLAND: Accommodation at coastal resorts and on islands of the Barrier Reef and long bus tours are most in demand.

Victorian parasol

A BEAUTIFUL mid-Victorian parasol has been passing around in Sydney lately.

It was first presented to the N.E.W. division of the Junior Red Cross, which in turn has handed it on to the Technological Museum, where it is being exhibited in a special case in the antique lace and needlework section.

The parasol is a chiffon silk with billowy folds and a long carved ebony handle.

The Curator of the Museum (Mr. Penfold) has told the Red Cross that the workmanship is in the highest tradition of craftsmanship of that period.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"He doesn't end up where we start out for."

QUIZ FEVER

AW, what's the use, we used to say;
Who cares about some old, dead kings?
And as for algebra, now, pray,
What will we want with all these things?
That cause us such a lot of strife
When we leave school and cope with life?
Now when the young say they don't know
Why they should learn Imports or Lakes,
We just switch on the radio
And say: "Is you'd have what it takes."
Swot while you can; don't be such crackpots,
Look at the dough there is in jackpots."

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Churchill engagement

OUR London office reports that everyone is rather surprised that pretty Mary Churchill should have become engaged to Captain Christopher Soames after such a brief acquaintanceship of four weeks.

She has always been so definite in her ideas on taking serious thought before marriage.

Her handsome fiancé, whom she met at the British Embassy in Paris, is in the Coldstream Guards, and during the war served in North Africa, fought in the El Alamein campaign, and in Italy and France.

He confessed that asking Mr. Winston Churchill if he could marry Mary made him more nervous than anything he had to face during the war.

EX-G.I.s home in America are responsible for the large imports of Macadamia nuts, says our New York office.

While stationed in Queensland and Hawaii, where they grow profusely, the servicemen developed a taste for them, and now they threaten to outstrip the cashew nut.

In Queensland Macadamia nuts are known as Bauple nuts, and they're tough nuts to crack.

Regimental silver

A SLIGHTLY sentimental ceremony took place in an auction room at Covent Garden the other week, says a message from our London correspondent.

It was the sale of the regimental silver belonging to the "Black Horse," famous 4th/7th Dragoon Guards.

Heavily wrought silver pieces which had once graced the tables at mess festivities was sold under the eyes of veteran officers and men.

One of the regiment trustees, Colonel Noel Campbell, explained that the silver had been locked up for a number of years.

"We decided that the best thing was to sell it and put the proceeds into a benevolent fund for the dependents of 'Black Horse' men fallen on evil days."

The oldest veteran present was 81-year-old William Bruce, of Catford, who said that he first served in India in the '90's and was later riding master in "The Row."

Lots bought only for melting fetched 4/6 an ounce. A George I tankard sold for £28; an 1855 silver-gilt tankard for £46; and two silver jugs for £34.

Up in the air

WE relate, for its old-world charm, the true story of a matron of our acquaintance whose Security Loan purchases entitled her to a flight over Sydney at the Commonwealth's expense.

Never having flown before, she was intensely excited at the prospect of going up in an aircraft for the first time, and drove herself out to the airport in a fine state of expectation.

It was not until she had shut the door of the car on the cocker spaniel she had taken with her for company on the drive, and was about to join the people waiting their turn to go up, that she began to be assailed by the doubts she has always harbored concerning the reliability of heavier-than-air machines.

Fearful of losing the opportunity now that it had come, yet at the same time anxious to ensure the correct distribution of her worldly goods, she hurried back to the car.

There she quickly scribbled a will in the flyleaf of a library book, and added a note saying that if she failed to return would the finder please take the dog for a run and do his best to see that it was given a drink of water.

Animal Antics



"Whoee—pink men!"

FAIR'S FAIR. Everything does cost a lot these days, but we raised our eyebrows when a friend of ours told us about the frock she bought the other day in a city store.

It was a little too large and so the salesgirl neatly pinned it down the sides. When she said the alteration would take two weeks our friend said that would be too long and she would do it herself!

But she had to pay 3/6 for the seam adjustment.

An expensive sort of pin-up.

Trouble with tins

TINS have a habit of finding their way into even the best organised picnics.

Full, they are a reassuring insurance against hunger, a link with the familiar delicatessen round the corner, something to look forward to.

Empty, they have a way of becoming an embarrassment that refuses to be gracefully disposed of.

That is why we are so full of admiration for the curt, workmanlike and altogether to-the-point instructions, "Treat your tins roughly. Burn, Bash, Bury," issued by the New South Wales Federation of Bush-Walking Clubs.

Our somewhat timid request for further information elicited the following advice.

Burning breaks down the tinning, which assists final disintegration, by rendering them more liable to rust.

Bashing (flat) makes it impossible for empty tins to collect water when it rains, and so establish a possible breeding-place for mosquitoes. It also makes them more easily disposed of.

Burying puts empty tins permanently and safely out of the way.

We don't know when we've heard of a problem tackled more firmly.

It's that lovely CHIFFON effect -



See your skin take on the new fineness—the new super-smoothness—that only Chiffon face powder can give!



Chiffon

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Pa.18.37



ON GUARD at North Entrance beach—Mr. John Roberts and son David. The local schoolteacher for 18 years, Mr. Roberts is surf life saving official. Often holidays at Brookvale Teachers' Fitness Camp.



FISHERMAN 74-year-old Mr. William Denniss, member of North Entrance pioneering family. Mr. Denniss holidays wherever there is water.



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND MAN, friend to hundreds of children, is 60-year-old Mr. Fred Smith. In show life, he has been at Tuggerah for eight years. Likes to shoot and fish in Queensland during his winter holidays.

They work while you play

★ Featured in this holiday picture story are the people who work while the rest of us play. They are the holiday resort business people whose efforts help to ensure the success of our summer holiday. Personalities on this page, typical of those to be found at any seaside resort, were

photographed at The Entrance, Tuggerah (N.S.W.). Majority of them are well-known local identities who have been at the service of thousands of holiday-makers for many years. Where do they go and what do they do when their holiday comes round? Well, we asked them.



GUEST-HOUSE waitresses who plan a winter holiday in the country. Left to right (foreground): Phil Reynolds, Edna Murray, Mrs. Lucy Elix, Melda Mead, Betty Pond.



HEAD CHEF of guest-house, Rockey Elix, with his wife. Rockey, 50, served in World Wars I and II, has catered for racecourses, weddings. This couple usually take their annual holiday with family in Adelaide.



MAGNET for Claire Nelson and other youngsters is Mr. M. Wessler's merry-go-round which he takes in his car all over State. He likes a quiet vacation on mountains.



VEGETABLE CHEF at guest-house, Fred Tree, finds holiday-makers are invariably hungry and welcome large helpings. Veteran of three wars, Fred spends holidays at The Entrance, relaxing.



MR. LOU TAYLOR, of popular launch service, came to The Entrance at age of three, conducted, 50 years ago, a sailing-boat service from Wyong to The Entrance. Plans a holiday in Tasmania.



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NEWCOMER

to field of holiday workers, Mrs. Isabel Lewry opened up bike hire service with her husband last January. She says happy holiday atmosphere round her is tonic in itself, but feels, like most seaside workers, she will take her next holiday in some country spot.

The Australian Women's Weekly—November 30, 1946



POPULAR guest-house proprietor and orchid enthusiast, Mrs. C. D. Bateman (right), Mrs. Bateman opened 29 years ago what is now leading guest-house. She plans extended motor trip to Adelaide.

AFTER a minute or so, Grogan continued: "The other thing it adds up to—the other sense it makes—is that you killed him yourself."

"No..."

"That you had a talk with him that night; that you quarrelled and you too; up something and hit him with it and then got panicky when you found he was dead."

"It's not so; it's not true. I didn't see him; I didn't kill him." Her voice was shrill with denial. "How could I have done it, anyhow? I was out of the building—at the pictures—from half past eight till after eleven."

"Did you see anyone you knew, meet anyone you knew coming in?"

"No..."

The heat was heavy as a clammy hand pressing down on her; the heat and the inhuman smell of dust and ink and papers; of fear and crime all mixed with a sickening smell of some chemical or other, as though they'd tried to wipe out the traces of the work they were engaged on with a disinfecting spray.

Nesta began to feel giddy. Sometimes she sat up straight like a schoolgirl, attentive, docile; sometimes she leaned her head back against the wall, trying to relax the tension that held her rigid, cross-legged and uncaring her long, brown legs and her slender brown arms.

Near the window, frowning, melancholy and unbelieving, sat looking at her blankly. An answer would have to be better than anything he'd heard this morning before he'd believe it. When a pause grew extra long even the constable, glancing up from his notebook, eyed her sceptically.

Grogan sat across from her at his desk. Beads of sweat were standing out on his pale, healthy skin,

Continuing . . . The Gardenia Case

from page 7

and every few minutes he took out a handkerchief and wiped them away.

But the gesture was untroubled relaxed. He didn't look as though he could ever tire, or feel heat or irritation at the nerve-shattering repetition, or mind how long she took over an answer, or how the clock hands were slipping round—ten, eleven, twelve—the morning sun as it climbed creeping away from the faded linoleum and the wooden chairs and desk.

At last she said desperately, running her hands through her honey-brown hair: "That's all I know. I've told you I don't know any more. I can't tell you another thing."

"That's all you know," he repeated slowly. "So this is your story: That you got home from the pictures that night at eleven—or soon after—and found a note under your door from your husband saying he'd landed in Sydney a few days before and didn't have a penny, giving his address at this residential. The note said he'd be back later but he didn't come."

She nodded. "That's so. I waited and waited, all that night, expecting him."

"Pity you didn't keep the note," Manning mourned with infuriating repetition. He'd said it already three times and each time it made the implication stronger. "Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. I told you. I tore it up."

"Yeah. Pity. It was the only proof you had that he wrote you instead of seeing you."

She cried: "How could I have thought of that? I didn't know he was going to be murdered."

Grogan took it up: "So next morning—after you'd seen him dead—you go to this house where he's been stay-

ing under a false name, and collect his clothes, thinking you'd hush the whole thing up that way?"

"Yes. It was crazy. I—I just noped it'd be one of those things that are never solved, nobody questioned, no inquiry. I know it was wrong—mad—but no one knew him here. He was a New Zealander; he'd never lived in Sydney."

Grogan sat back and looked at her. He said, almost soothingly: "It must have been a big surprise for you when you came home that night and found the letter saying he was still alive?"

"No, it wasn't... not really. Somehow I'd never quite believed he was dead."

"Oh! Why was that?"

"I don't know. Even when the Army notified me that he was missing in Burma, and later believed killed—still I thought he'd come back."

Something had crept into her voice, something that said, "I thought it because I feared it."

Grogan's ear didn't miss the thing she hadn't spoken. He said: "You must have been very upset when you found he wasn't dead."

She looked at him without answering; just sat back slowly in her chair again.

"Feeling about him the way you did," he said. "I mean, you hated him, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't hate him at all—at least—" How could she explain the mixture of hate and love and pity that she'd felt for Derek through those three years of tempest that had been their marriage? Derek's charm, Derek's temper, his

debts and difficulties, his devastating repentances... "No, I didn't hate him," she repeated firmly. "I was sorry for him."

"You were sorry for him. I see. You wanted to get free of him and couldn't. He had a sort of influence over you, eh? He spoilt your life but you couldn't leave him?"

"I'm not going to discuss that. It's got nothing to do with his death. I hadn't seen him for over four years. What I felt about him all that time hasn't got anything to do with this."

"Hasn't it?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. You've no right to ask me about it."

Suddenly he asked her, changing his tack: "Have you ever been in Java, Mrs. Cowie?"

The unexpectedness of the question brought the blood rushing to her face.

"What?"

"Java. Ever been there?"

"Yes."

"With Cowie?"

"Yes. Yes, we went there soon after our marriage, in nineteen-thirty-nine."

"On a cruise, eh?"

"Well, partly on a wedding trip. My husband's uncle had a rubber plantation, and Derek thought he might go in with him."

"Did you meet Mr. Van Anders there?"

There was a moment's hopeless hesitation: "Yes—no—yes..."

"Oh, you did? That's funny now. You told me last evening you didn't know any of the people at Chetwynd Court, except through meeting them there. So Van Anders knew your husband, too?"

"Yes—slightly. Not very well. I think we dined with him a couple of times in Batavia."

"Now, look, Mrs. Cowie, I'll be open with you if you'll be open with me." He threw the pencil down with an easy gesture and settled his big, square body in the chair, facing her confidently. Manning sighed, too well acquainted with the boss' confidence trick.

Grogan went on: "You see, I knew someone had collected the dead man's clothes and when I was in your flat last evening I was pretty sure it was you. The clothes he had on had been made in India. Our experts could tell by the cloth and the kind of stitching and that. It was cheap stuff, too, and his hands showed he'd worked hard recently—on a ship, most likely. So the first thing we did was to comb the sailors' residential round the docks."

"We found he'd stayed—under the name of John Smith or something—at this place of Mrs. Ives'. And we learnt that a girl had come and taken away the rest of his things that morning."

He paused, letting his words sink in, then went on: "Now, that belt in your room—I thought it looked like Javanese python-skin. They make up a lot of that stuff over there—or used to. But it was too small for Van Anders and too big for you." I noticed where it had been buckled it would have gone twice round your waist.

"So then I went along to the Dutch Consulate to see if I could find out anything about Van Anders. I dug up a clerk there who knew him, and he told me about a dust-up Van Anders had had with someone in a hotel lounge in Batavia. The bloke he hit had to have four stitches put in his chin."

The inspector leant forward and pulled a paper towards him. "Well, the medical evidence at the post-mortem yesterday says that the corpse had a scar on his chin. Some time—not very recently—but a few years ago—four stitches had been inserted."

He leant back, and she said, as he waited: "Yes, all right. That's true. Derek did have a quarrel with Van Anders in Java. But what—what—"

"You see, I'm suggesting that what you thought was that they met again on Thursday night up there, that they had another row, and Van Anders hit him again and made a job of it this time. Now, that's what you thought, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't. What would they fight about?"

"What did they fight about before, in Java?"

Nesta put out a hand and began to fiddle with a pencil on the desk. She said: "Derek—my husband—was difficult at times, quarrelsome. If people didn't make enough fuss about us wherever we went he thought we were being slighted, and when they paid us a lot of attention he got jealous. It was just his way."

"Yes; but what was this quarrel about?"

"It was about a present Mr. Van Anders gave me—nothing much, really. A pin of Javanese silver to pin in flowers with. But Derek fastened on it for a fit of jealousy, though, goodness knows—We were hunching that day with Van Anders, and, beforehand, while we were having drinks, he was rather offensive to Van. I smoothed things over as well as I could, but afterwards he was so impossible that Van lost his temper and hit him. They hit each other."

She swallowed hard, then continued: "Derek fell down and cut his chin on the edge of a step. It was all very unpleasant, so mad and meaningless. But I suppose scenes like that made a kind of pattern in Derek's life."

Grogan nodded. "About this silver pin, now. When Van Anders gave it to you, did he send you some flowers, too?"

She lifted her eyes to his, pausing a moment like a diver preparing to plunge. She said slowly: "Yes. Yes, he did. Some gardenias."

"Gardenias, eh?"

"Yes. That was an added reason for jealousy because, you see, my husband always gave me gardenias. He'd given them to me on our wedding day and, later, whenever we quarrelled or anything, and he wanted to make it up again, he'd go out and buy me some. Gardenias got to be a kind of symbol between us."

"Then you reckon he was bringing you some the night he was killed?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I did think that. Probably spent his last penny on them. Poor Derek!"

"Not him. He didn't buy them at a shop."

"What do you mean?"

"We've been told he didn't have those two flowers when he went up in the lift. He got 'em up there. Any idea where from?"

"No. No. How could he? Where could he have got them?"

"That's what I'm asking you. Now, Mrs. Cowie, won't you admit you suspected Van Anders yesterday when you refused to identify the body?"

"No, I won't. I don't admit that at all."

"Who, then? Who did you think had done it?"

And so it went on.

At last, when the clock hand had slipped round another hour, Nesta folded her arms across her chest. She said: "I'm not going to answer any more questions. I'm too tired."

He said kindly: "Why, we don't want to tire you. We just want to get the facts straight."

She looked him in the eye, and, catching that Irish glance, almost believed him.

He stood up. No use going on. He'd only be increasing her resistance now instead of breaking it down.

Please turn to page 30

He Didn't keep the party clean..



THE FOUNDRY WONDER, "TARZAN" THORNE, ENTHRALLS YOUNG PEGGY WITH HIS BRAVW



BUT LACKS THE SIMPLEST SOCIAL GRACE—(DISGUST IS PLAIN ON EVERY FACE)



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Solvool cleans hands quicker, easier, more thoroughly than ordinary soaps ever can. You see, Solvool has a more penetrating lather, a special lather that routs all kinds of dirt. Get Solvool tomorrow and in only 30 seconds see how much cleaner Solvool gets the dirtiest pair of hands!



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 wizard Berlei bras: They combine all you need to shape
 your figure more comfortably, with all that will make you
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You've got to be well-groomed to land a really good job, and that's exactly dandruff on my shoulders couldn't help any.

Nothing I tried did the slightest bit of good, and to make matters worse my hair started falling out. Then one day I saw an ad. for Rexona Dandruff.

For a week I massaged Rexona into my scalp at bedtime. And each morning gave it a good wash with Rexona Medicated Soap.

This soon put my hair in excellent condition. And to know there wasn't any dandruff to spoil my appearance, gave me confidence. So thanks to Rexona I've a job any man could be proud of!

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1/6 OINTMENT
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

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The Gardenia Case

Continued from page 28

An hour later Grogan knocked at the door of Van Anders' flat. The Dutchman threw the door wide when he saw who was there. Only for one moment his eyes pin-pointed the detective searchingly. Then he stepped back and led the way to the room beyond.

"Something fresh about the murder?" he asked, in his rich voice.

Grogan said cheerfully: "That's for you to say, Mr. Van Anders. It's about something that happened in Java some years ago."

"Oh? Oh? In Java?"

"That's right. I understand that in a hotel in Batavia you had an altercation with a young man and that blows were struck."

Van Anders' eyebrows rose. He said slowly: "Why, yes. . . I seem to remember there was some little incident of the kind now you recall it to me."

"The young man went to hospital, I believe."

"Did he? Perhaps. I have forgotten the details. No doubt you are right."

He took a big flat case out of the pocket of his white coat, chose a cigar, rolled it between finger and thumb, and sniffed it appreciatively.

Grogan waited till he was through. Then: "And you were arrested for attempted manslaughter?"

Van Anders smiled, rather pityingly, swaying his big bulk to and fro on his feet that looked too small for his size. He said gently: "No, no, no! Nothing like that. Oh, no, no! Nothing like that. We quarrelled quietly. It would have looked so bad for the native population."

"The quarrel was about a lady, wasn't it?"

"Was it? Perhaps. But why not?"

We white men are not so different from the natives. Many times I have listened to the talk of my Indonesian workers. They have only three topics—women, rice, and pay. In that order—women, rice, and pay. By the way, Inspector, where did you learn all these so terrible, terrible details of my so criminal past?"

Grogan laughed. "Oh, here and there, you know. We have to try and check up on everyone." The casual tone slid over his hour last evening at the Dutch consulate.

"So? Yours must be a very unpleasant profession. Searching in rubbish-tips hoping for dirt."

The Inspector said, unruffled: "Murder's not too clean a job, either. Hitting a bloke on the head and stuffing his body into a box like an old pair of boots."

"Quite true. You are right. Undoubtedly." The Dutchman nodded vigorously. "But what are you trying to prove? That I am a man of dangerous temper? Is there any man who has not sometime had a quarrel, struck a hasty blow?"

"That's right. By the way, what was the name of the young man to Java you had the dust-up with?"

"His name? His name, if I remember rightly, was Arbuthnot. He was later killed in Burma. Arbuthnot," he repeated. "Or do you pronounce it Arbuthnot?"

Grogan said dryly: "Well, I'd pronounce it Cowie—the murdered man—Mrs. Nesta Cowie's husband. And the quarrel in Java was over her."

Van Anders' face stiffened. For a moment the mask of amiability looked like cracking. Then he gave a laugh, quite a hearty laugh.

"Well, since you know everything I will tell you everything. Yes, you

are right, quite right. But my fight with Cowie in Batavia was a most trivial affair. He liked fight; I did not. I hit him to please him. You see, he was in the unfortunate position of being married to a very, very attractive girl. Marriage has many difficulties. If you marry a plain woman your friends pity you; if you marry a beautiful one they try to take her from you."

"But yesterday morning now—why didn't you identify him?"

Van Anders shrugged. "Why, why? You will remember that Mrs. Cowie went before me into the room with the body. She came out saying no. I said no, also, for her sake. I confess I was surprised to see him there, thinking him killed in Burma. But such men often come to me again to plague the unfortunate women who have loved them. Nesta Cowie was a nice girl. I wanted to help her."

He shrugged again. "I thought her foolish to deceive the police and I tried to tell her so, later, but she would not listen. No, no, she would rush off—she would be alone—she would not consult anybody!"

Grogan brushed this aside. "It doesn't wash, Mr. Van Anders. It doesn't wash at all. I suggest you murdered Cowie."

Van Anders blew a long plume of smoke. "Impossible! Fantastic! You are amusing yourself."

"I suggest that when Cowie came to see his wife and found you and her living side by side he got jealous again. He knocked at your door when he found she was out and kicked up a row. You took up that stick and finished him off."

"Stick? Stick? What stick?"

"The stick Trenerry had propping up the landing window. It was standing out there in the corner. That's what he was killed with. The murderer had cleaned it off where he held it, but we found traces of the corpse's red hair and skin on the carved wooden hand."

Van Anders said slowly: "This man you say was killed at ten o'clock?"

"That's right."

"Well, when I left the flat of the young American there was no stick on the landing."

"Eh? How did you come to notice that?"

"I was hot, very hot. Kummel is a cold-climate drink and we had ended up on half a bottle of it. So. The landing was warm; I noticed the window was shut, and I glanced up for the stick that had earlier held it up. But it was not there. No, it was not there, or I should have put it in. So I shrug my shoulders and let it be." He threw his half-finished cigar into the ash-tray. "You must look elsewhere for your murderer, Inspector. You must find the man who had taken that stick away."

Grogan left him and went down to the office, where Trenerry sat at his desk with all the papers of his new bee-keeping venture spread out in front of him.

Grogan said: "About Thursday night—that stick of yours."

"Yes, what about it?"

"We find it's the weapon that killed that bloke."

"Yes," Trenerry said again, as though it was no affair of his. "So the sergeant told me."

"Now, you say you went up to the seventh floor and brought it down at ten-thirty?"

"That's so. I did."

"Well, I've been told it disappeared before that. It had already gone by nine-thirty."

"Who says so?"

"It's been said. That's all you've got to worry about."

"Well, I can't help what anybody else says and I don't know where it was at half-past nine. I only know it was standing on the landing in the corner and I went up and brought it down to my office at half-past ten."

"Yes, I knew. Waiting three hours after you got your dander up over what Mrs. Ingle-Jones said!" Trenerry's contemptuous calm wasn't shaken. He said: "You may not understand it, but those are the facts."

"That's so, that's right."

"You've got a full-sized job here, haven't you?"

On this Trenerry could be eloquent. "I'll certainly say I have. Without any help at all. It means that the smallest detail devolves on me, that every time—"

Grogan slapped a weary hand. "I know, I know—working at night and all. Yet you ask me to believe that because you don't like the look of this young man—the color of his hair or the way he ties his shoes or something—you take time off from your work to listen at the lift door out there—counting the clicks to hear which floor he gets out at, where he's going. You certainly must be a busy man if you have to listen like that every time someone you don't like the look of gets into the lift."

"I've told you—I'd finished my work, finished for the night and locked my office. It was twenty minutes to ten."

Grogan said dryly: "By your watch or by that clock there that was twenty minutes fast?"

"Look, Inspector, I'm giving you the correct time exactly. I never work by that clock. I told you that. I just keep it like that as a reminder. It catches my eye and gives me a jolt. Lots of people keep a clock like that. I know what happened—so the minute—on the night of the murder. Seven-thirty Mrs. Ingle-Jones came in. I was working, getting out the monthly accounts. I went on working until nine-thirty."

"Then I decided to knock off and go for a bit of a stroll before going to bed. I straightened up my desk, put the cover on the typewriter, and locked the drawers and safe. Then I glanced once more—as I always do—at the pad on my desk to see there was nothing I'd forgotten, none of the little odd jobs I'd promised myself to get done before night."

"Well, Mr. Sisley's refrigerator had been out of order during the day, so before leaving I gave him a ring and asked him if it was working again. By that time it was twenty minutes to ten. I switched off the light and closed the office, and there in front of the tenants' board—"

Grogan interrupted him: "Was the 'fridge working all right?"

Trenerry stared. "What?"

The india-rubber band that the inspector was playing with stayed stretched to its fullest between his two fingers. He repeated: "I said was Sisley's refrigerator in order again?"

"Yes, it was. When I asked him about it he went away and had a look and he came back and reported everything in working order."

The india-rubber band snapped.

Grogan dropped the broken pieces into the ash-tray and rubbed his finger where the recoil had stung him.

"So Sisley answered his telephone himself at nine-thirty, did he?"

"Yes, he did."

"Did it ring long?"

"No; why should it? It only rang once. His telephone's on the table in the sitting-room. He must've been sitting beside it. He lifted the receiver right away. I said, 'Did the electrician fix your refrigerator satisfactorily, Mr. Sisley?' and he said, 'Hang on a minute while I make sure.' When he came back he said, 'Okay, Trenerry, thanks very much. Yes, it's going fine now.'"

Grogan said the same thing: "Okay, Trenerry;" and to himself he added: "It's going fine now."

To be continued



"It was the first thing I thought of for Sylvia's shower tea!"

You couldn't ask for anything better!
RINSO'S RICHER, THICKER SUDS
SPEED the washing-up!



I'VE FINISHED WITH SLOW OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS! RINSO'S LONGER-LASTING SUDS FOR ME! THEY DISSOLVE GREASE IN A JIFFY!

YES! AND EVEN BURNT-ON FOOD COMES OFF IN A FLASH! NO GREASY SCUM LEFT ON THE WATER EITHER!

RINSO MAKES CHINA, GLASS AND SILVER SHINE! I SAY IT'S AS GOOD FOR DISHES AS FOR CLOTHES!

Z.210.19

Make films specially for children

WHEN will some wide-awake film producer become aware of the vast, untapped market there is for films made specially for children, to be shown at children's matinees?

Half-hour versions of childhood classics, not long enough to bore the under-twelve audiences, and with sufficient care expended to make them agreeable to the ear and eye, would surely be paying propositions.

Australia has a quantity of excellent material to choose from. "Seven Little Australians," the Billabong books, "Dot and the Kangaroo," "The Little Black Princess" are a few of them.

For adventure, why not the Biggles series, or the Indian tales by Edward S. Ellis, which contain blood and thunder in plenty, and a strong strain of decency as well.

There could be special children's shorts on travel, animals, music, ballet, and news.

We have children's libraries, so why not children's films?

The motion-picture industry is a tremendous educational force, so why allow the younger generation to be shown what is only second-class adult fare?

11 to Vernon Adams, 3 Chisholm St., Inverell, N.S.W.

Plastic solution

RUBBER teats now available for babies' bottles are of very poor quality. After less than a fortnight's use they become enlarged, sticky, and unfit for further use. Why doesn't some enterprising manufacturer make plastic teats? They would be soft and pliable.

Plastic garden hoses can be tied in knots without harm, so babies' section should cause no ill effect.

5/- to Mrs. S. C. Crisp, 82 Waratah St., Seacliff, S.A.

What's on your mind?

Why not more autogyros?

WHY is it that the autogyro type of aircraft is not manufactured more extensively? People are very air-minded since the war, but the main reason, apart from cost, why so few have private planes is the space needed for a runway.

These machines would become very popular as a speedy and comfortable means of travel if developed properly.

5/- to Miss N. D. Bromfield, 21 Coppins Grove, Hawthorn, Vic.

Dampening

OFTEN when I go swimming in our local baths I come out of the water after an enjoyable swim only to find when I go to the dressing-shed that my towel is wet and



crumpled. There should be a rule at all public swimming-baths that no persons be admitted without their own towel—then they won't use other people's.

5/- to D. Thompson, 73 Biaya St., Griffith, N.S.W.

Change daily made easy

WHY can't someone develop paper underwear on the same principle as paper table napkins, paper plate mats, and facial tissues, which are discarded after being used once? How pleasant in summer to be able to step into an entirely new set of underwear each morning without the trouble of washing the garments worn the previous day.

5/- to Gertrude Potter, 14 Melrose Ave., Beulah Park, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Washable walls

THERE are dozens of different materials for the lining of interior walls on the market to-day, but, as far as I know, no one makes baked enamel steel sheets of the same hard quality as is used to finish baths. They would be excellent for kitchen walls, and could be finished in charming colors.

An occasional wipe with a damp cloth would keep them bright and new-looking.

They would be a boon, and would not increase the cost of a new home by a great deal.

5/- to Dan Price, Shorncliffe, Qld

Mobile hairdressers

TRAVELLING hairdressing saloons could call at homes where there are invalids, expectant mothers, or elderly people, who find it hard to go to barbers to have their hair attended to. Also many mothers of young children would be glad to be saved the journey to the usually crowded barbers.

The barber may have to charge a little extra for this mobile service, but it would be well worth it to the people he visited.

5/- to Mrs. F. M. Druey, Blue Gum Rd., Jesmond, via Lambton, N.S.W.

Wanton whistling

DURING the war, factory whistles were silenced for security reasons. Factories continued to do a good job, output of essential goods was wonderful.

Now the whistles are back again—with a vengeance. At five minutes to eight each morning at a nearby factory a dreadful shriek is heard. A moment later comes another, and they go on at intervals all day.

This all happens within a stone's throw of three of our most important hospitals.

If these factories could manage wartime production without this noise, surely it is not necessary now.

5/- to Mrs. D. Porter, 176 Bonverie St., Carlton, Vic.

Unightly menace

AFTER every accident there is a certain amount of glass left lying about. It is a great menace to motorists who have to care for their tyres and to children who manage to evade wearing shoes. Sometimes this glass is left lying



about for days, and is unightly as well as dangerous.

It would be a good idea if each suburban council had a mobile cleaner fitted with a sweeper and bin. These could be called by the police to the scene of the accident. This would avoid further accidents caused by the broken glass.

5/- to Miss M. Wunderly, 251 Dandenong Rd., Windsor, Melbourne.

Servicewomen in Japan want papers

KNOWING the goodness and hospitality of Australians, and because quite a number of us work with Australian troops, the girls in the B.C.O.F., Japan, are eager to know more about the great continent.

I am appealing on behalf of the women's Services here to your readers to send used women's magazines to any of the following posts:

Nursing sisters at A.G.H., Etajima; 82 I.G.H., Kure; 80 B.G.H., welfare workers, members of WVS/UK at each of the following: White House, Kure; H.Q. Brindiv; Takamatsu, c/o H.Q. Brindiv; c/o Cameron Highlanders, Kochi. All posts are B.C.O.F., Japan.

5/- to Terry Manson, WVS/UK, H.Q. Brindiv, B.C.O.F., Japan.

Blots on the landscape

LOCAL Government authorities should prohibit the placing of large, unsightly advertisements on hoardings on our main roads and on vacant blocks in our cities, towns, and suburbs.

The worst are those on the highways, because they spoil so much of our beautiful scenery.

I would like to congratulate those worthy citizens who have blank walls with "Post no bills" signs on them.

5/- to J. K. Galbraith, jun., 38 Head St., Elwood, Melbourne.

Licence for bicycles

FOR many years now I have been wondering why one has to buy a licence for the ordinary house dog, a radio, a motor-cycle or car, and yet the very vehicle that is a danger on the road, the push bicycle, does not need to be registered.

5/- to "Helen," Ferguson St., Cessnock, N.S.W.

He forgot his WEDDING ANNIVERSARY then his wife found out why!



Was there someone else in John's life? That was the thought tormenting her. Everything pointed to it. All this year he'd been cool... neglecting the little kindnesses. Then came the final proof that he no longer cared.....



THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W. 172, 81.

END IRREGULARITY

this safe, gentle, natural way . . .

No harsh remedies—

Just a nut-sweet breakfast food!

HOME TRUTHS ABOUT HARSH LAXATIVES



HOW THEY ACT! Harsh remedies get their results by "shocking" your system into action. These unnatural methods frequently call for increased dosage from month to month. They tend to aggravate . . . never to ease your condition.



WHAT THEY DO! Doctors blame 75% of a serious type of illness in middle-aged people to the over-use of harsh remedies. Artificial stimulants are often too quick-acting; only half-relieve your trouble.



WHY THEY FAIL! The best that harsh remedies can promise you is temporary relief. They can't restore you to normal regularity, because they do nothing to correct the cause of your trouble—insufficient "bulk" in your diet.

Do you know where irregularity starts? It starts at your dining table. Yes — 90% of to-day's irregularity is directly due to the foods we eat. These modern staples — meat, white bread, potatoes, milk, eggs, fish — they're all nourishing enough, but lack one vital element — "bulk". These foods are totally absorbed in the digestive process. They leave no residue for the internal muscles to work on—so you become "irregular".

The safe, sure way to end irregularity is by getting "bulk" back in to your diet. Kellogg's All-Bran, a nut-sweet breakfast food, provides all the "bulk" you need to get yourself back to healthy regularity.

*The toasted breakfast cereal
that relieves naturally!*



No more health-damaging, harsh remedies! Just eat two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran at breakfast each morning. Serve it just like any other breakfast food, with milk and sugar. (And let the milk soak in). Kellogg's All-Bran is specially prepared to supply your system with concentrated "bulk". It forms a soft, absorbent

mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action. Enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran every morning and within a week, you will be safely back to healthy regularity.

REAL RELIEF AT LAST!
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN*
HAS GOT ME SAFELY REGULAR
IN ONE WEEK... NO MORE HARSH
REMEDIES FOR ME!

* REGISTERED TRADE MARK



Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer right away!



Check and Mate

Continued from page 9

WITH that the General showed the stuff he was made of.

"My boy," he said, "that has never been done to me before. I would appreciate an opportunity to play with you again. I hope that you will consider as unkind anything which I may have carelessly let drop about your intelligence and . . . uh . . . regarding that request about Jo . . . Well I should say that was a matter entirely up to her. Good-night."

With a straight back and a head held high the General walked out of the room.

It was a moment before the full import of what had happened was clear to Freddy. But when it did dawn upon him that he had so easily accomplished the seemingly impossible, an exuberance exploded within him that made him cut several extremely sharp tap steps.

Then one glance at Jo stopped him shortly. She was staring at him with frigid disapproval.

"I suppose you think you're extremely smart," she said, and her voice was frigid too. "I suppose you think it was something to humiliate a beaten old man by turning his own pieces against him. I suppose you think I should come flying to your arms crying, 'My hero!'"

"Look . . . I am looking. I'm glad I've had an opportunity to look before it was too late. You're a . . . a glower. Good-night."

During the course of a sleepless night Freddy persuaded himself that he'd been wrong, a cad, and a heel. He called Jo at ten o'clock in the morning, beginning the conversation with a cheery hello as though all were well.

It had worked before. There was no way for Freddy to know that Jo had not slept that night either; that after a long and stubborn struggle her conscience had convinced her that she had been unreasonable.

So his cheery "good morning" was not the way to announce his existence to a girl who had struggled all night with herself over what she had considered to be a major emotional crisis, and who had prepared herself for a reconciliation of great tenderness.

"Stop chirruping!" she said irritably.

"Huh? Who's chirruping?"

"Is there any point in going into this?"

"Look, Jo, stop being unreasonable."

He heard Jo draw in her breath. "I am being unreasonable?"

"Well, last night you jumped to conclusions."

"Indeed? As I remember it you were doing all the jumping. All over the place."

"That was because I was happy."

"That was obvious. Why don't you go and kick over some blind man's cup of pennies and go into a real ecstasy?"

Freddy counted ten slowly. "Look, darling, I was happy because . . ."

"There's no need to explain. I have eyes. I have ears. You succeeded in doing just what you set out to do when we left El Morocco. I hope it made you very happy to humiliate Father. To . . . to deliver a mortal wound to his pride. I can only say that I am more hurt than angry. Good-bye."

Freddy stared at the dead instrument in his hand. He slammed it back on the hook. "Women!" he hissed with feeling.

The General evidenced no signs of mortal wounds when Freddy called that evening, firmly resolved to accept whatever punishment Jo might have in mind and start anew. The General placed an arm around Freddy's shoulder.

"Scotch?" he inquired. "Cigar?"

"We're in luck. Jo has gone out. Have the evening to ourselves."

"Gone out?" Freddy echoed blankly.

"With some odd little monster. Squirmed all the time he was here. Jo said you'd understand if you happened to drop in."

"Oh!" said Freddy.

The General sat down and began setting up the chessmen.

"What was his name?" Freddy asked.

"Haven't the vaguest idea," the General replied absently. "Someone she gushed all over. Nauseating."

He tossed a coin. Freddy called and lost.

"Look, General," he said, "do you remember last night I said I wanted to marry Jo?"

"Eh? Oh, yes, so you did! All right with me."

"But she's out with someone!" Freddy protested. "You shouldn't have let her!"

The General regarded Freddy thoughtfully. "My boy, one does not let Jo do anything. One just tries to keep out of the line of fire as much as possible. Sit down and let's begin the game."

"You don't even know who she's out with," Freddy went on, accusingly.

A slightly harassed look came over the General's face. "Isn't it enough if Jo knows? I'll open with the king's pawn. Your move."

"But . . ."

"My dear young man, we are playing chess."

"Do you know why she's out with him to-night?" Freddy demanded indignantly. "To spite me. She thinks I humiliated you last night."

"And so you did," the General said cheerfully. "So you did. Thoroughly. Wouldn't be surprised if I mentioned it to her, too."

Freddy groaned. "No wonder she's through with me!"

The General chuckled regretfully. "Sometimes she takes things more seriously than she should. Oh, well, there must be millions more women in the world to choose from if you must have one. Meanwhile, let's get on with the play."

"There isn't anyone in the world like Jo," Freddy said vehemently.

"Oh, come!" the General said. "And if there isn't it may be just as well. She has a nasty disposition before breakfast, and deucedly expensive taste in clothes. Serve this little out she's out with right if she decides in favor of him. Even consider you fortunate."

"Fortunate!" Freddy said bitterly as he moved his king's pawn out to meet the General's opening move.

THE General had succeeded only in revealing to Freddy some further intimate and delightfully fascinating facets of Jo's character. He loved her the more for them. Freddy glared across the board at the General. He, Freddy, would sit there until Jo came home, and meanwhile treat the General to a real trimming.

It cannot be said that Freddy had ever enjoyed chess under the instruction of his grandfather, but he had learned it. He knew the intricate patterns and combinations and how to achieve them in the face of keen opposition.

To-night he found himself slowly coming to enjoy his mastery of the game. The desire to defeat the General gave purpose to it all. It gave Freddy a tingling pleasure to build a careful defence against the General's equally well-developed attack; to counter and frustrate his opponent. The chessboard had become a medium for the expression of an urge to bat someone's ears off.

The library became quiet . . . the atmosphere tense. In the middle game Freddy was still a pawn ahead with a knight and a bishop on both sides exchanged. But the General was beginning to crowd his attack, and Freddy sensed the danger of a loss of mobility.

Neither was aware of the passing of time. Neither noticed Jo come in accompanied by a short, somewhat plump young man in evening clothes.

A grim little smile of satisfaction touched the corners of Jo's lips when she saw Freddy. She'd hoped he might be there so she could throw Hogarth Evans in Freddy's face and watch him squirm. She could have wished to appear with someone else, but Hogarth had been the only man available on short notice.

"Hello," she said brightly. "We're had a perfectly marvellous time."

The General grunted and Freddy, looking up and noting whom Jo had been out with, felt a great relief.

"Hello, Jo," he said. "Hello, Hoggie."

"Your move," the General said. He glared at Jo and Hoggie. "You two be quiet."

"Playing chess?" Hoggie said conversationally.

The General looked up at his daughter. "Keep him quiet!"

Jo bit her lip. This wasn't working out right. Freddy had already turned his attention back to the board. Hoggie might just as well have been her aunt for all the jealousy Freddy had indicated. She turned irritably to Hoggie.

"Bring over a chair, darling," she said with an effort of lightness. "We'll watch them."

"I don't know anything about chess," Hoggie said. "How about turning on the radio and . . ."

"Do as I say!" Jo snapped.

Jo sat in the chair, prepared to show immediate and great interest in Hoggie sitting uneasily on the arm, the instant Freddy should raise his head.

But Freddy did not raise his head. The General was threatening to uncover a check and simultaneously attack his queen. Right at that point he could lose the game if he were not extremely careful. . . . He was aware of the warm hand which had developed between himself and the General during the game. It was something which had nothing to do with Jo.

He would patch things up with Jo presently; apologise or anything else her little heart desired. But right at the moment he was aware of the eager glint in the General's eyes. The General thought he had the game in his hands. He hadn't seen what Freddy suddenly noted with a feeling of exultation. Let the General uncover check and attack the queen. There was a knight move that would. . . .

Freddy was almost afraid to let his eyes follow the moves of the knight as he studied the possibilities for fear the General might look up and see him looking at the knight. But if that knight should. . . .

"Aren't they beautiful pieces, Hogarth?" Jo said. There was nothing in the sweetness of her voice to indicate the fury she felt towards Freddy.

Freddy looked up. He looked up just in time to see Hoggie Evans lean forward to pick up one of the captured knights beside the board and lose his balance in doing so. He reached out to save Hoggie but he was too late. Hoggie saved himself. . . . by placing his hand in the middle of the board and completely wrecking the game.

Neither the General nor Freddy moved. They sat silent and motionless . . . staring at the scattered men.

Hoggie retrieved himself and laughed a little nervously. At the sound both the General and Freddy turned their heads slowly to regard Hoggie.

The General said, "I believe it was your move, Freddy. Try not to get blood over everything."

Freddy nodded. "Thank you, sir. I'll be careful." And he stood up.

Please turn to page 35

Fashion Frock Service

"DIANA"—Impudent shorts for summer

For practically any summer sport you care to name, shorts would be the right kind of dress . . . and especially the lovely shorts illustrated at left. Made ready for you in a cool, crease-resisting, linen-like material. Delightful colors: Pale blue background and pretty floral design in white; lime-green with white design; dark green with white design; or marine-blue with white design.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 36 to 36in. hips and 26 to 28in. waist, 24/11 (5 coupons); 40, 42, and 44in. hips and 30, 32, and 34in. waist, 25/11 (5 coupons). Postage 10c. extra.

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PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE or A.C.O. LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

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The pattern for making this little frock is traced clearly on a good quality British cambric in lovely shades of red, green, brown, pink, blue, and white.

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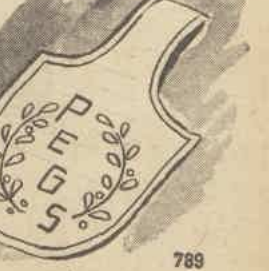
The design for the pretty case is traced clearly on a good quality cotton, in lovely shades of blue, green, pink, and white. (Case is not supplied.) Size 18in. x 12in. Price 2/11, postage 2yd. extra.

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The design for the handy peg bag is clearly traced on a hard-wearing cotton in lovely shades of blue, green, fawn, and grey. Price 2/11, postage 2yd. extra.

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789

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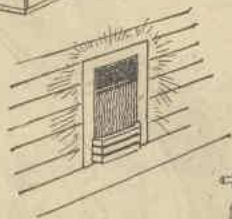
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Recipe for Youthful Charm . . .



A modern house-wife
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... carefree days in home
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Gas control is the difference between apron
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HAVE A GOOD TIME!

Avoid these pitfalls
and you'll enjoy
that annual holiday



DON'T pick a pub you can't afford.
What boots a wealth of potted
palm
If all your money's spent for board?
Cost-counting steals vacation's charm.
If tariff's high, then so are tips—
You'll very soon run out of chips.



REMEMBER, bores don't know
they're bores.
The troubles of your Auntie Mabel
May fascinate both you and yours,
But fail to entertain the table.
Talk now and then, but, girlie, pray
Let other people have a say.



SOPHISTICATION is
for some.
But if at heart you're
really shy
You may succeed in
looking dumb
Instead of a mysterious
spy.
To make a hit, it's better
far
To dress and act just as
you are.

IF what you want is rest and quiet,
Make sure that's what the place
is selling.
It may lay claim to be a riot,
In which case there's no use in yelling
That you have failed to sleep a wink.
Sleep is for fogies, young folks think.



Check and Mate

Continued from page 33

HOGGIE backed away. Jo jumped to her feet. What she had seen in Freddy's eyes was the same thing she had seen in her father's.

"Freddy!" she squealed. "Don't!"

It was an unnecessary plea. Hoggie had gone. Freddy went out of the library and came back a moment later with Hoggie's hat and coat.

"Evidently he forgot them," he said. He went to the window and looked down at the traffic below. Thoughtfully he opened the window and dropped the hat and coat down into the night. "At the rate he was going," he said, "he might catch them as he comes out on the street."

The General nodded his quiet approval. "That was a generous thought, my boy. Undoubtedly clothes that would fit a human malformation like that are expensive and hard to replace."

He stood up and sighed. He looked at Freddy and Jo. Without knowing it, Jo was staring at Freddy with the back of her hand still pressed against her open mouth.

A grim smile touched the General's lips. "Well, the game is over, so I think I'll retire. But it's still your move, Freddy. . . . Good-night."

When the General had gone Freddy turned to Jo. She backed seriously away from him.

"Freddy. . . what are you going to do?"

"Oh," said Freddy, moving toward her. "I think maybe I'll wring your neck, or maybe break some arms and legs. I don't know. . . I haven't decided."

"I. . . I haven't done anything bad, Freddy—not really bad."

"Not really bad!" he shouted. "Not really bad! First you go out with that Hogboom, Hoghead, Hoggie—whatever his name is—Hogarth. Then you drag him back here and let him fall all over the chessboard just when my knight—"

"Oh, Freddy, I'm really awfully sorry. Believe me, Freddy, I never thought—"

"Never thought, indeed. Bah! Double-bah! That fat little pig of a man!"

"I know it, Freddy. But don't rub it in. Please don't rub it in."

Freddy allowed himself to remain speechless. Jo backed away from him until she came up against the couch and could back no farther. Freddy put his finger on the tip of her small nose and pushed. Jo sat down.

"Rub it in?" he whispered heavily. "I suppose I'm gloating? Is that it? Am I gloating? Did I gloat at Hoggie? Did I?"

"No, you didn't. You were very restrained, and that was very nice of you."

"I know it was."

She laughed a nervous little laugh. "He did look funny," she said. "He was born to look funny."

"So fat," Jo said. "So round and so plump."

"Comic," Freddy said.

"Fantastic," Jo said.

Freddy sat down beside her. He fixed a stern eye upon her. "Now, who's gloating?" he demanded.

"Why. . . why. . . this is different, Freddy."

He laughed.

"Gloating at Father is not fair. Gloating at Hoggie—"

Freddy took her in his arms and kissed her. It was an exceptional sort of kiss.

He let her go, and she sat up and clapped her hands and laughed.

"What's funny?" he said. "What are you doing?"

She moved closer to him on the couch and leaned her head on his shoulder. She looked at him and she smiled a very sweet smile.

"Gloating," she said.

"Hah!" said Freddy.

(Copyright)



WHILE no one can
deny that men
Enliven holiday resorts,
You may be disap-
pointed when
You let the brutes usurp
your thoughts.
Of course, there always
is a chance,
But don't EXPECT to
find romance.

AND if, indeed, you should find one
Who's worth a campaign to secure,
Remember that the summer sun
(Likewise the moon) may add allure.
Before you firmly mark him down
See that he makes a date for town.

By DOROTHY DRAIN and
RON VIVIAN

Stewart Granger is a warm-hearted tyrant

From ANNE MATHESON in London

Stewart Granger, popular English actor, has played all sorts of parts on the screen. In real life, also, he is a man of many personalities.

His fellow workers in the studio know him as a tyrant. His fans, asking for autographs, see him as a smiling matinee idol. To his wife he is an outdoor man, a farmer who likes to feed ducks, water the horses.

IN every screen role you will find a different Jimmie—(That is his family name).

So different is each assessment that you have got to think carefully over each one before you get to know the personality of the latest idol of Britain's teen-agers.

He was a hefty, plain-spoken young man in his thirties, the son of a well-to-do Regular Army major, working hard at his job of an obscure provincial actor, and just beginning to make the grade when war broke out.

Then a duodenal ulcer split finis to his war-service, and Stewart, instead of facing up to a battery barrage, faced up to a barrage of klieg lights.

Brown-eyed and black-haired, Granger was considered an arrogant, headstrong fellow, difficult to work with in films.

And he has not changed.

In spite of this, Stewart has earned the respect of his directors and cameramen, and they all assure you that, whatever he is like now that he is at the top, he has always been like that.

It is not success that has made him a studio tyrant.

In fact, his manner might easily have stopped him from rising as quickly as he did.

So "difficult" is Stewart on the set that already legends are growing up round him.

Is temperamental

THAT he insults executives, is contemptuous of directors, browbeats writers, and storms at technicians is accepted now as part of his personality, and to add flavor to the story of his behaviour at work there is another story, that his prized possession is a letter written to someone of an earlier day in a moment of fury by Edmund Keen, the famous actor, who died in 1833.

One quote of the letter is, "Your insufferable conceit galls me; you are an ugly swab," and the great Edmund had no hesitation in signing himself, "Yours in a rage, Edmund Keen."

So much for Jimmie through the eyes of his studio people, every one of whom, I noticed, would spring to his defence immediately anyone outside the film-making business dared to say one word of criticism about their "Rudolph Valentino," whom they have allowed to become their favorite tyrant.

Stewart Granger has a robust personality that has brought him thousands of fans.

He is so definitely a man's man, with his love of horses and dogs, his rich language, a melodious public school way of speaking, easy manners, and perfect physical fitness, that it is no wonder he is every young boy's envy, and every young girl's idol.

Fans drive Jimmie crazy. But he has a different way with them.

He signs autographs by the thousand—always for a fee for charity.

He accepts the mobbing he gets in country towns with a good nature that puzzles the boys back in the studios.

They never see him like that.

He is never too busy to attend a performance, nor too full of importance to be choosy about what part of Britain he is called on to visit.

He has got teen-agers by the heartstrings.

They write him three thousand letters a week.

But their adoration and flattery have not spoiled him as a person.

In his home, Jimmie is just the simplest and best of husbands.

Standing like a solid and firm rock in his life is his country home, where he farms 17 acres.

He has a two-year-old son, Jamie, and a baby daughter, Lindsay.

He met his wife when they were in repertory.

She was actress Elspeth March, and in as good-looking as Stewart is handsome.

Their home is a reflection of their perfect taste and solid characters.

Oak-beamed and panelled inside, it is half timbered and furnished with antiques.

Their investments hang on the walls—Stewart puts his money into paintings.

Elspeth sees another side of the outdoor Valentino, the one that is content to wear old tweeds, clean out the pigsty, feed the ducks, water the horses, and do all the chores about the place.

And what does Stewart Granger think about himself?

He has a very honest approach to the real Granger.

"I am not an intellectual," he will tell you as he sits down to a game of cards with his farming neighbors.

"I had a lucky break when my duodenal ulcer laid me up, for my studio was wiped out to a man at Andro."

"I got to the top quickly because there was literally no one else about at the time."

"At the moment the public like me, but that is no fault of mine."

"If they didn't, it would still not be my fault, and there would not be much I could do about it."

"I like a character that I can get



STEWART GRANGER, black-haired and handsome English film hero to thousands of fans, but most of all to his charming actress wife, Elspeth March, who is appearing in a London stage play. Here the Grangers toast each other's future successes.



PERIOD ROLES for Stewart Granger and lovely Elspeth March in the Gainsborough film, "The Magic Bow," in which Granger plays the role of Paganini in the story of the violinist's life.

my teeth into, and one I can live with from early morning till late at night.

"I am not afraid of hard work."

The way he mastered the violin in his new film, "The Magic Bow," is proof of that.

"Films are a chancy business, but if they fail I would be happy being a farmer."

That is something of the man who usually causes mass hysteria whenever he puts his nose outside, whose devil-may-care spirit has an appeal that endears him to all three sets of people whose assessment of him makes up this composite picture of England's Valentino—Stewart Granger.



JOAN CRAWFORD receives a kiss from John Gurfild at Warners studio, when he visits her during the filming of "Humoresque," in which she stars. She intends to make a film in England soon.



GREER GARSON and her husband, Richard Ney, were photographed by Nat Dallingier at a recent film premiere. Miss Garson's beautiful white frock embroidered with silver beads attracted much attention.

Gardening is new hobby for many stars

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

HORTICULTURE seems to be the latest hobby of Hollywood, with Rosalind Russell digging soil on her days off and planting, in what she calls "My Friends' Garden," all the plants donated by her friends for the plot.

Deanna Durbin has a similar garden for her daughter called "Jessica's Garden."

The plants are grown from cuttings of flowers which Deanna received in hospital while awaiting Jessica's birth.

Richard Ney has a whole hedge of gardenias which "just grow."

Richard launched off on to gardenia-growing as a sideline from the hothouse orchids which he produces for women guests when he and Greer entertain.

Rita Hayworth has an all-white garden in her new home, surrounding her transplanted magnolia tree.

She plans to keep the garden in the seasons' flowers, with white gladioli, stocks, lilies, chrysanthemums, narcissus, and roses.

THE latest way to enter the movies is via a television screen test.

A gorgeous blonde Conover model was spotted by television by Paramount executives, who hired her immediately.

The girl bears a strange name: Blossom Plumb.

TERESA WRIGHT has means of solving the current meat shortage, but indicates distaste at the thought.

Fans sent her one case of canned rattlesnake meat in "Supreme Sauce."

Film Reviews

★★ THE HOODLUM SAINT

TOUCHES of whimsy seem out of place in this odd MGM drama starring William Powell and Esther Williams. The good influence of St. Dismas is called on to reform some shady characters, also a World War I major (Powell), who finds that "Ideals don't provide meals and becomes a ruthless opportunist."

Without benefit of technicolor or swimming suits, Esther Williams turns in quite a good job as the girl in Powell's life whom he uses to further his business career, and who then scorns him until a stock market crash and an illness bring him beneath the benign influence of the patron saint of charity. Powell makes the most of his role in his usual fashion.

Angela Lansbury, as the "other woman," is acidly delicious—Capitol showing.

★ BLACK ANGEL

SLACKNESS in production results in a lack of the tension which this not very original story needs to make it spark.

A Tom McKnight-Ray William Neill production released by Universal, it is produced by Neill, who has a bad script to work on.

Dan Duryea comes out with flying colors because only his excellent acting makes his part even remotely bearable.

Duryea and June Vincent team together to track down the murderer of Duryea's wife. June is determined to unearth the real criminal, as her husband is being gravely implicated.

In the course of their detective work the two do some singing and piano-playing in a nightclub, where Peter Lorre is characteristically sinister.

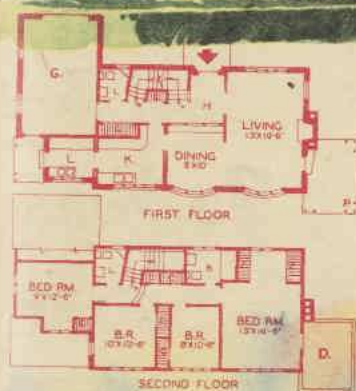
Altogether it seems a pity that such lavish settings and good acting have been wasted.—Victory showing.

MORE PRIZE HOMES FROM AMERICA . . .

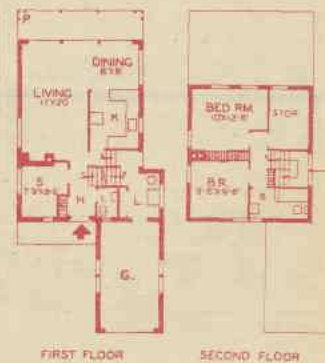
★ This series of prizewinning house plans in the £5000 contest sponsored by a leading American newspaper reveals a striking diversity of design—a distinguishing factor of the complete group of 24 winners which are being presented by The Australian Women's Weekly for your benefit.



● This most attractive design is suitable for country or suburb. Planned for a 50ft. lot, it offers convenience and comfort for a family of four or five. Floor area, 1400 sq. ft.



● This is called the traditional American design. Planned for a family of five or six, it requires a 75ft. frontage. Its big, sunny living-room has windows on three sides. Floor area, approximately 1700 sq. ft.

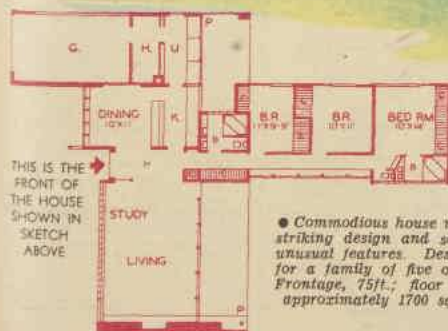


● Designed for a 30ft. frontage (floor area 1100 sq. ft.), this house offers much despite its apparent severity of line at front. There's a good-sized living and dining room, with ample window space.

More details of these prizewinning homes on page 40



● The design shown below will also appeal to country dwellers. This is a house which could be built on a 50ft. lot without crowding, and in which a family of four or five could live in great comfort.



● Commodious house with a striking design and several unusual features. Designed for a family of five or six. Frontage, 75ft.; floor area, approximately 1700 sq. ft.



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says Aunt Jenny

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1 RETURNING SOLDIERS Mike (Van Johnson) and Slinky (Keenan Wynn) discuss letter from Mike's fiancée, who fails to confess she has married another man. Mike plans early wedding.



2 RADIO WELCOME is taken by Slinky in place of honor medal winner Mike, but boys meet attractive crooner Susan (Pat Kirkwood) during session.

No Leave, No Love

AN interesting new screen personality is introduced in MGM's gay comedy, with the appearance of Marina Koshetz, the daughter of well-known opera singer Nina Koshetz.

Stars Van Johnson and Keenan Wynn have several amusing scenes with the entertaining Marina, who is one of the best screen finds for the year.

English actress Pat Kirkwood was given the romantic role opposite Van Johnson in her first Hollywood film.

Musical numbers are played by Guy Lombarda and his orchestra and Xavier Cugat.



3 AT DANCE Susan plans to keep Mike in town till his mother can break news about his former fiancée's wedding.



4 IN LUXURY HOTEL at expense of radio sponsor, boys give parties and meet countess (Marina Koshetz).



5 DISCOVERY by sponsor Stiles (Edward Arnold) that he is paying boys' hotel expenses is explained away by Susan, who insists that Mike is not to blame. And he is really a war hero.



6 TAKEN TO CAMP after a brawl, boys are in trouble till Stiles arranges for big broadcast for troops in which Mike joins and asks Susan to marry him.

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atmosphere. Complete with smart
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(At left): So seasonably packed.
One of the well-known "Exotiq"
Colognes (4 oz.) and one box
"Exotiq" Face Powder 12/6
Also with PERFUME added
("L'Amour," "Reverie" or "Num-
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"EXOTIQ" GIFT SET

(At right): One of the lovely "Exotiq"
Colognes and one "Exotiq"
Perfume . . . nestling in a
slim, lift-off box, 7/6.



ANOTHER GIFT SET

(Below): One of the "Exotiq" Colognes, one box of
"Exotiq" Face Powder and one delightful "Exotiq"
Perfume, standing
in a decorative box,
lift-off lid, 16/8.



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Prove this with **BIDOMAK**
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FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.



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"I feel I must write and tell you what **BIDOMAK** has done for my little girl. She was a bad case of nerves: I really thought she was getting St. Vitus Dance. It was then I tried **BIDOMAK** and, believe me, she is a different girl."
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IN MANY of the houses planned for to-day's living, dining and living room are combined in order to cut down on building costs, give a greater feeling of space.

Diagram at right shows a furnishing plan for a dual-purpose room, and pictured above is the charming result achieved in the living section of this room.



**MORE WINNING DESIGNS
FROM AMERICA**

Continued from page 37

YOU will be interested in these details of the five prize-winning home designs featured in color on page 37.

This is the third group of winners to be featured for the benefit of homebuyers by The Australian Women's Weekly.

No. 1 House: People who have yearned for a spreading type of house, but have believed that one could not be built on a small site without a great sacrifice of charm and comfort, are here offered a design for a dwelling which, while it would not look out of place on a 1000-acre lot, is so planned that it will fit without crowding on a 50ft. frontage. Nor is the open space about it unduly cramped. There is room for a pleasant terrace overlooking a fair-sized garden at the side.

The house's living and dining areas together make up a spacious 29ft. x 16ft. room, which receives light and air through large windows on both the garden and the lot line sides.

The design offers convenience and comfort as well as roominess. Kitchen, laundry and heater-room, garage, and storage space are compactly arranged.

The three bedrooms face the rear of the property and are remote from the noise of the street. The entrance walk leads along the terrace past the living-dining-room windows to an entrance hall, which is convenient both to the living-room and the bedroom wing and which contains a good-sized coat cupboard. The side of the garage is placed parallel to the street, but there is room to make a 90deg. turn.

No. 2 House: This is a splendid traditional design whose beauty is enhanced by large bay windows of unusual design and by a gabled roof. The big, sunny living-room has windows on three sides. On the fourth it opens directly into the dining-room and through a wide door into the entrance hall. Kitchen, laundry, and garage are also handy to the entrance hall, as well as the stairway to the second floor and to the basement.

The master bedroom above the living-room is a comfortable place, with ample ventilation, a large dressing alcove with two wardrobes and space for a dressing-table directly adjacent to the bath. Of the other three bedrooms, two have cross ventilation.

It could be executed in brick or stone veneer on the lower floor, and wood siding on the upper. The house requires a 75ft. frontage, and is intended for a family of five or six.

No. 3 House: The attention of those who throw up their hands in despair at the thought of a 30ft. lot is directed to this striking little brick home, planned for just that size building-plot. Both in treatment of detail and handling of masses, the designer has shown unusual imagination and skill.

The severe and almost windowless front wall suggests a dim interior, but reference to the floor plans will reveal that the living and dining rooms receive ample light from the rear and sides. On the second floor the window which from an exterior view is so effectively integrated with the front door is divided between a bedroom and bath. The bedroom has another window on the side, which gives it cross ventilation.

The master bedroom, which has two windows to the rear and one to the side, shares the back part of the second floor with an exceptionally large linen and storage room.

The house is intended for a family of three, but the size of the storage-room and the existence of a first-floor study big enough to be turned into a small guest-room suggest that a larger group could be accommodated if necessary.

No. 4 House: This attractive three-bedroom house, a moderate version of contemporary architecture, could be effectively done in a combination of brick and timber, and should harmonise well in any community. The garage roof is extended, and forms an entrance porch which leads to the front door.

A pleasant living-room with two picture windows and a fireplace looks out on to the street and the side yard. Opposite it are a big-windowed dining alcove, a kitchen, and utility room. The bedrooms are compactly grouped so that the doors of all of them are convenient to the bath. Cupboard space is ample.

This is a house which could be built on a 50ft. lot without crowding, and in which a family of four could live in great comfort.

No. 5 House: The judges liked this design because of its originality, interest, and practicability.

The house's arresting exterior design, which lends itself to the use of glass brick and plywood among other materials, is matched by the interesting and practical floor plan.

The spacious living-room is set off in a wing by itself, with large windows opening on to a pleasant and secluded terrace facing away from the street. The dining-room has a large bay window looking into a small garden.

The three bedrooms and two baths are on a corridor of their own, opening off the front hall, which makes for easy access.

A house for a family of five to be constructed on a 75ft. lot.



No girl would go out with him a second time, for his was the unforgivable social error, Hall-tosis. Yet he, like most people, was quite unaware of his offence. Why risk this humiliation when you can make your breath sweet, fragrant and wholesome simply by rinsing the mouth with **LISTERINE** Antiseptic night and morning... and before social engagements.

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NOTHING HAPHAZARD or slipshod about the grooming of this beach beauty. Note her selective yet carefree suit, sleek hair-do... Careful planning, immaculate grooming will add the perfect touch to your holiday by the sea, be it brief or season-long.

Beauty basks at the seaside

● Holidaying, like living, is an art—in fact, holidaying is an important part of the joy of living—and it's a wise woman who plots her vacation with imagination and discretion.

If you're taking a summer holiday this year, you're almost bound to be headed for the seashore.

Could be, of course, you live right on the coast or near enough to commute daily, a happy circumstance in these days of sometimes uncertain transport, and plan to spend the greatest possible number of waking hours just the other side of your own doorstep.

Naturally, if it's a "Journey-to-reach" holiday, you've inquired about and made arrangements for accommodation well in advance, checked up on tickets, and booked return reservations where possible.

Anyway, whatever the locale, holidaying—like living—is an art (in fact, holidaying is an important part of the joy of living), and it's a wise woman who plots her vacation with imagination and discretion, knowing at the outset exactly how she will look, feel, and act in an atmosphere of air, space, and, we hope, order.

How often in that pleasant pause between spring and summer come moments of holiday anticipation, when imagination enthusiastically conjures up visions of the sun-drenched sands upon which sun-bronzed figures stretch languidly, calmly tempering sunshine with skin oil and sometimes shade... hair sleek and shining and beautifully groomed... dressed by the sun and for the sun.

The picture is warm, vital, and attractive. That's the ideal.

Then memory recalls the actuality. The patched blend of sun and oil, the caked rim of lipstick, hair wet and stringy, or sticky and bunched, the untidy legs and underarms, the aged and worn sandals, heels over, straps flapping.

You must have seen it, too.

Why is it, do you think, that girls who would consider an evening ruined if one curl became temperamental, will quite happily lie around on beaches for hours on end looking like nothing so much as a rag-bag—and about as glamorous?

And not only lie around. Something in the great outdoors often seems to inspire, in ordinarily conservative citizens, quite abandoned leaping and flingings of arms and legs, the frightening vivacity of beach canisters, with incidental screams and yells, who are apparently oblivious of the inevitable toll in trampled toes and sand-blinded eyes among nearby suffering sunbathers.

Far be it from me to suggest the beach is no place for utter relaxation of body and mind, the escape most often welcome from a workaday world. No, indeed. But there are certain boundaries of conduct of dressing, of good taste.

In clothes, although we're permitted a good deal of latitude, certain things are acceptable, others not. Bathing suits, shorts, slacks, clamdiggers, cotton or washing frocks, play and sun suits come under the first head. Elaborate dresses, high-heeled pumps, floppy pyjamas are the unmentionables.

Unless the silhouette is really the smooth, super-de-luxe variety, the decision about shorts and bathing

Miss Precious Minutes says:

CUSHIONS that go with you to the beach or bush picnic should have gay, washable covers. Keep some specially for holiday use so that they can be slipped on in a jiffy.

GOING away on holidays? So... Before shutting up the house, spray rooms and cupboards against moth, clean out the refrigerator, empty all flower-containers, turn off gas and electricity, bring in outdoor furniture, check all window-locks, and ring post office re mail.

I FIND that it's a good idea to take along a bottle of soapy water and some pieces of rag when going on a picnic. When the children's hands get dirty the soapy water is a help, and the rags save my hand towels from too hard usage.

YOUR picnic basket: Lettuce will keep crisp in a glass jar longer, so will butter. Add a few ice-cubes to the jars before screwing on top. To save time and trouble later, tomatoes can be sliced, seasoned, and slipped into a jar just before leaving.

IF you cannot acquire a new one, bring out the old tarpaulin when on picnic bent. Tied between two cars it makes a grand shelter in a treeless area, or an excellent ground-sheet under the shade of a spreading gum.

gear is quite a major one. For instance, if legs are long and thin, the thighs are going to look a whole lot thinner in wide, pleated shorts or the new ruffled dressmaker designs.

So while you are diligently working on the exercises that will develop your thighs, compromise by looking boyishly charming with brief, straight trunks, or a closely fitting sheath of pants.

Then again, the bra-top bathing-suit is really for the slender-top figure. A centre tie bra-top supplies fullness to round out a small bosom, whereas one-piece suits usually flatten in effect.

Incidentally, one of the best exercises for developing the chest and bust is swimming, so in the season get as much swimming as you can. Otherwise work out with a medicine ball, an improvised punching bag, or a stretching bar in a gymnasium, or do lots of vigorous, full-circle arm swinging in your own home.

Veering to the opposite, if thighs are heavy, wear skirts and fuller pleated shorts. Put your faith—and your money—into one-piece bathers, with slimming princess lines and a flare at the bottom.

Certainly the "sweater girl" is famous the world over and has an army of admirers, but if you're disposed to be cheery, don't bounce round in those tight, lisle sweaters. For you the open-neck cotton ("if you're lucky) or rayon shirt, the boy jacket.

Slacks? So-so, baby, I know, but really intended for the near-perfect chassis, and even then they should be well-tailored ones. Definitely not for general consumption, but if you must wear them don't, please, let them bag in the seat, or yet clutch too tightly—anywhere.

And so to grooming. Let's pretend, for the sake of detail, an average day, from the point where you arrive on the scene, complete with beach bag, or some sort of carry-all, into which you've put everything you need for a beach day.

Already in your bathers, you anchor hair firmly with net, scarf, kerchief, bandanna, snood, beribboned braids, or whatever; face either free of make-up or layered with a good creamy sun preparation or a coat of thin oil, or else you've a protective foundation of some type; clear, vivid lips, finger and toe nails spruce and well cared for.

Sunglasses—made up to your individual prescription if you normally wear glasses, or optically ground if you don't—are close by.

Legs, arms, and underarms are defuzzed. Beach shoes or sandals are on the feet.

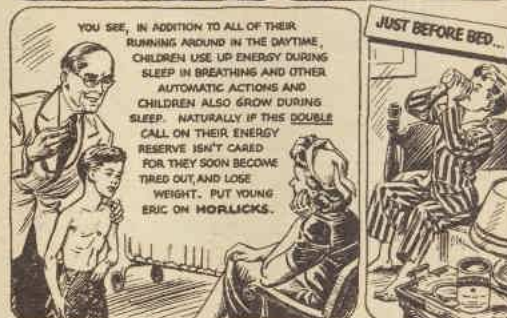
Straps of bathers are tied across the chest for that even, all-over darkening; the length of time you "bake"—each side—depends upon whether you're fair and sensitive (generous and frequent applications of sunproof cream for you), or brunette and sturdy.

Then to the water. Surf, baths, or river, the water is very wet. Remove the net, scarf, or equivalent, tie a strip of chamois or oilskin round the hairline, and clamp cap over all.

In very hot weather you'll probably dry off in your bathers, so have a towel handy to mop up the odd rivulet.

This is the point when you comb and repair your hair-do, refresh your by-this-time battered lipstick. Of course, if you make off to get into a dry suit or shorts, you can easily do a thorough job of reglamoring.

And in that beach bag, just in case you dress in any sort of public dressing-shed, you must certainly need a little bottle of eau-de-cologne and a tin of talc for the thorough clean-up. Remember athlete's foot usually starts in wet places, so no walking round barefoot—use wooden clogs, stand on a towel or wash-cloth, dry feet and toes carefully, powder them, and shake powder into shoes as you step into them.



Gifts to gladden the ^{face} heart of any man

Whatever his tastes, his interests, or his age, you can please him by the gift of the world's best shave. Then he'll smile that Christmas smile for three-hundred-and-sixty-five mornings of the year, for a Gillette is a noble gift to a man. He likes its precision-built efficiency; he appreciates such swift luxurious shaving; and though it is an inexpensive luxury, he knows money couldn't buy a better. It's been a long time since you could give him a gift so dear to his heart. Present him with a steel-true gift, the precision-built Gillette he needs.



No. 44 Pocket Edition. Genuine Gillette razor with 3 blades housed in leatherette-covered metal case plush lined.



No. 77 Genuine Gillette razor, 3 blades and 2 moulded blade containers all in black moulded case.



No. 26 Genuine Gillette razor with telescopic handle and 2 blades all housed in compact moulded stand with receptacle for used blades.



No. 25 Genuine Gillette razor and 2 blue Gillette blades in mottled brown moulded case.



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Do you feel worn out, low spirited, demoralised? Phyllosan will improve your circulation, strengthen your nerves, and increase your energy. Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals . . . so easy to take, but, if taken regularly, what a difference they make.

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At Chemists & Stores, 3/6 and 6/- (double quantity).

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fortifies the over-forties

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WHEN YOU SPRAY
FLY-TOX
Containing D.D.T.
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For Beauty!

Coverspot
Conceals Blemishes



SMILE, MOTHERS, SMILE—don't sigh because school finishes soon and holidays start. All you have to do is to cook more, work harder, and know how to contend with the minor injuries your children collect on their carefree daily round.

HOLIDAYS . . . plus cuts, grazed knees, and sunburn

By MEDICO

THIS morning as I was tinkering with the car, Mrs. Adrian, our next-door neighbor, popped her head over the fence.

"Lovely morning, doctor!" "Yes," I said, "a good day to start out on a holiday—we're going 'bush' for a week or two."

"How nice. I'm taking the children to the seaside over Christmas—I hope all goes well."

"I was going to ask you," she went on a little hesitantly, "whether you would give me some hints on treatment for cuts, scratches, grazes, and the like . . ."

I threw down the spanner and straightened up. "Yes, of course, Mrs. Adrian."

"The first thing to make ready is a tin of sterilised gauze," I said. "Cut up two dozen two-inch squares of clean soft linen or gauze, and press them loosely into a medium-sized tin which has a push-in lid. Sterilise the tin and its contents by baking in a slow oven for 2½ hours. When the tin is cool again, label it 'First Aid Sterile Dressings'."

"These are the foundation of modern treatment of minor injuries. The contents of this tin should not be touched with the fingers, but should be removed by shaking on to the wound, or with a pair of forceps or scissors that have been boiled for five minutes."

"Every picnic hamper, motor car, seaside camp, or country home should have a prepared tin of these dressings. Their big value lies in avoiding further infection. They are the most effective means of arresting most bleedings by applying pressure to the bleeding point."

"What about an antiseptic ointment?" asked Mrs. Adrian.

"Medical science to-day has no faith in those antiseptics which are available to the general public. For the antiseptic to be really effective against bacteria it would have to be so strong that it would burn the tissues."

"But what can be used to cleanse a dirty wound such as a grazed knee?" asked Mrs. Adrian.

"There is an antiseptic which is available in every home which can do the job quite well. It is plain soap and cool, boiled water. A cake of soap is always free of bacteria. A sterile dressing used as a swab should be used to cleanse the wound, working from inside outwards, so as not to carry any possible infection into the wound."

"What about sunburn?"

"The best treatment of sunburn is to prevent it," I said. "Blondes and

red-heads can quite spoil their holiday with sunburn, and they should wear long, loose clothes and shady hats. There is no magic treatment which will relieve the agony of sunburn."

"Recent medical evidence has cast serious doubts on the health value of the sun on the skin. With mild sunburn a strong solution of baking soda in water is a soothing lotion, so is very strong cold tea. With deeper burns where the skin is raw, use cold compresses of sterile dressings, moistened with normal saline."

"Make normal saline by boiling a teaspoonful of common salt in a pint of water for five minutes on a slow fire, and allow to cool. Cover these compresses with waterproof tissue such as the glazed wrapping on a chocolate-box, and bind firmly with a bandage."

"What about the ordinary cuts?"

"A cut with a clean instrument such as a knife is best left to bleed gently for a few minutes to clean the wound, and then closed with a pad of sterile dressing firmly bandaged in place. This will bring the edges of the wound together, and healing will be rapid. A more jagged wound which tends to gape usually needs a stitch to bring it together."

Avoid upsets

By Sister MARY JACOB
Our Mothercraft Nurse

YOU often meet with health risks when away on holidays with your children.

In some country areas, for instance, there is quite a different water supply. You may have to use tank, dam, or well water.

If you do not at first boil all water used for drinking (and also boil it for yourself if you are a nursing mother) you may have an upset little family.

The same thing applies to the new milk supply. Any new dairy milk should always be boiled for at least five minutes for the first few days to avoid any upsets. If there is any doubt as to the purity of milk one of the standard powdered milks should be temporarily used.

Other hints regarding diet and little emergencies that sometimes occur when children are away on holidays are given in a leaflet which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



Elastoplast

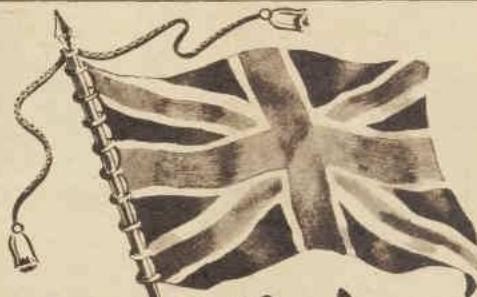
TRADE MARK

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FIRST AID

see the name on the RED tins

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CLAY THAT WON'T
CRUMBLE AWAY



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These colorful figures are modelled in "BILLY BRAY" PLASTIC PLAY

GORDON and GOTCH (A'SIA.) LTD., Australian Representatives (INC. IN VIC.)

Let's have a Picnic

By The
Australian Women's Weekly
Food and Cookery Experts

WHAT meal doesn't taste better eaten out of doors? When you're off to your favorite picnic haunt—be it the beach, the bush, or even your own back garden—choose as your table a brightly colored cloth on some nice grassy spot and serve foods which are gay in color to go with blue summer skies.

Here are some bright suggestions that will make these coming holiday picnics the best ever. They'll win you fame as a holiday hostess, and you'll have fun preparing new and exciting dishes.

Serve your favorite potato salad in crisp lettuce cups, which can be easily carried between layers of waxed paper. Stuffed eggs have a hundred varieties, so you can serve a different one every picnic day.

For you—tea or coffee will be the order of the day, but for the kiddies serve a refreshingly cool fruit-cup made from fresh fruit juices.

Serve sausages or frankfurts in between bread rolls seasoned with mustard and lashings of tomato sauce, and you'll be assured the family will be coming back for more.

PICNIC MENU

Frankfurt in bread roll with mustard and tomato sauce

Potato salad, lettuce cups, stuffed eggs, tomatoes, radishes

Picnic Cookies Holiday Fruit Cake Coffee Fruit Cup Fruit

FRANKFURTS IN BREAD ROLLS

Place frankfurts in boiling water. Leave for 6 to 8 minutes until heated through. Cut each frankfurt in halves. Spread with little prepared mustard. Place inside buttered roll with shredded lettuce. Pour tomato sauce over. Sausages cooked over the camp fire may be used in place of frankfurts.

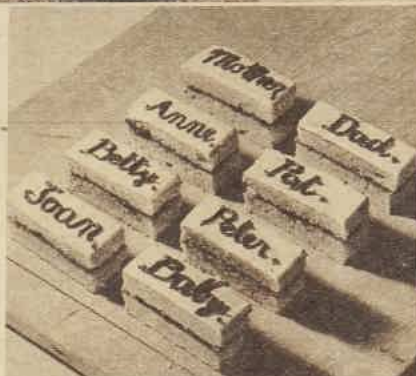
Continued on page 46





ABOVE: Luscious fruit mince, richly flavored with golden syrup and spices, fills this Swiss fruit pie. Topping of cut pastry squares makes for easy serving.

CHARMING idea for a children's party—slab sponge, sandwiched with jam, cut in blocks, iced, named for each guest. You'll need plenty—the kids will love them.



For out-of-door meals

TEMPTING food here for the picnic basket and the recipes, you'll note, win prizes for enterprising readers.

The recipe for french mustard will definitely appeal. It is delicious served as an accompaniment to cold meats or as added flavoring to meat sandwiches.

AMERICAN FISH BALLS

One cup cooked flaked fish, 2 cups creamed potato, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 egg beaten with 2 tablespoons milk, covering crumbs, 1 cup thick mayonnaise, shelled prawns.

Combine fish, potato, onion, parsley, curry powder, salt and pepper to taste. Bind with a little beaten egg, and milk, if necessary. Shape into balls, roll in flour, dip in beaten egg and milk, toss in breadcrumbs. Place on greased tray, cover with greased paper. Bake 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven. When cold, scoop top off each ball, fill with thick mayonnaise, garnish with shelled prawns. If for picnic use, do this just before serving. Serve with salad greens.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.

FRENCH MUSTARD

One egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 dessertspoons mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup vinegar, 1 dessertspoon salad oil.

Mix egg-yolk, sugar, and mustard together. Stir in vinegar. Cook for 3 minutes over boiling water. When cold add oil drop by drop. Store in screw-top jar until required.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Ward, c/o T. and G. Flats, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

LEMON CLOVER ROLLS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 cup milk, 3 tablespoons lemon juice.

Sift flour, bicarb. soda, salt, and sugar. Rub in shortening, add grated lemon rind. Mix to fairly soft dough with milk, folding in lemon juice after all milk has been

added. Form into balls size of walnut. Place 3 balls in each well-greased patty tin, pressing lightly together. Sprinkle with sugar, bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serve buttered as a scone or brush top with sugar and water glaze and sprinkle with little chopped peel. This quantity makes 18 rolls.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. C. Cairns, Ballarton, Old Beach, Hobart.

Let's have a picnic

Continued from page 45

POTATO SALAD

Two cups cooked cubed potato, 1 cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup diced celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon sweet pickles, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, salt and pepper, salad dressing.

Mix salad oil and vinegar together. Pour over potatoes. Allow to stand 1 hour. Add chopped, hard-boiled eggs, celery, onion, pickles, sauce, mustard, salt and pepper. Lastly add dressing, mixing well. Arrange in lettuce hearts and pack in waxed paper with other salad vegetables.

PICNIC COOKIES

Two ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, vanilla essence, 1 small dessertspoon honey, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, beating well. Beat in vanilla and honey. Lastly add sifted flour and salt. Place in teaspoonfuls on greased slide. Bake in oven, 400 deg. F., 12 to 15 minutes. These biscuits may be iced with colored icing or filled with mock cream and jam.

HOLIDAY FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. brown sugar, 3 eggs, 5oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1lb. mixed fruit, 3 tablespoons sherry if liked (if using, omit 1 egg).

Wash and dry fruit well. Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating in well. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add alternately with fruit. Lastly add sherry. Cook in six-inch cake-tin which has been lined with 2 or 3 thicknesses of paper, and bake in oven, 300deg. F., from 2 to 2½ hours.

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- 2 Prevents under-arm odor. Stops perspiration safely.
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Arrid is the largest selling deodorant. Try a jar to-day!

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SAXA

the all purpose

SALT



TOYS THAT ALL KIDDIES LOVE
bicyclops
FOR LONG WEAR
MOTOR CAR, TRICYCLES, SCOOTERS, GYNALES, DOLLY WAG

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FIG. 27

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Philips Lamps may dispel that form of twilight which can relax the vigilance of a persistent parent. It is, however, better that eyes should see than that hearts should leap.

Philips sell lamps for better seeing. That is their business. If, therefore, the occasion is one for 'soul' rather than sight—switch off. Under all other circumstances, switch on a Philips!

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PL17-48

Both New Blouses this Spring... BUT WHAT A DIFFERENCE NOW!



WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS

Jane's blouse looks drab and dowdy after a few washes of ... the freshness of the pattern buried under a film of unremoved dirt.

*Persil gives the
BRIGHTEST WASH
because it gets
out all the dirt*

WASHED WITH PERSIL

Joan's blouse, bought at the same time, is fresh as Spring violets. No film of dirt is left behind to spoil lovely colours when you use Persil.

It takes only one or two bad washes to ruin a pretty print. Most times it's because the gay colours are buried under a film of dirt—dirt deep in the weave which ordinary washing methods can't shift. But a quick squeeze through Persil's special active suds, and presto, the dirt is gone! Not some of it ... not most of it ... but ALL of it. Your colours are garden-gay again ... bright as sunshine. Get Persil TODAY ... it gives the brightest wash because it washes cleanest.

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Rinse
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It's as simple as that. Shampoo with Camilatone, rinse with Tonrinz and your hair is transformed — richer colour, lustre and sparkle . . . You can buy Camilatone everywhere for 7½d. including special Tonrinz to suit your colouring. Extra packets Tonrinz 3½d. each.



Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ
PUTS SUNSHINE IN YOUR HAIR



Sundek Fabric
STILL YARDS AHEAD!

TRIM CARRIER for the traveller

● You can make this smart bag for carrying odds and ends on the journey at little cost.

*I*N addition to a hand-bag, an attractive little holdall is a necessity for holiday travel.

The model carrier featured at right measures 11 inches deep by 7½ inches high.

A gaily colored hessian can be utilised, or a good, strong piece of material taken from an old coat. Black and white braid—or navy and white braid—is smart.

But you can use any color combination to suit yourself.

You can buy braid now at most stores, or you can substitute for the braid a canvas or carpet binding.

Use satin or a piece of pretty linen for the lining.

In the picture at right you see the clever way the bag closes—just two flaps of wide braid that fold over each other.

Here are the directions for making:

You will need three pieces of cardboard, two pieces measuring 11in. by 7½in. and one piece measuring 11in. by 3½in.; thin liquid glue; a piece of canvas, strong fabric, or hessian 21in. by 13½in.; 3½yds. white braid 1½in. wide; adhesive tape.

For lining bag a piece of fabric 21in. by 13½in. and two strips 10in. by 4in. for gussets.

Join the cardboard pieces together with adhesive tape leaving ½in. spaces for bending. Leave to dry and then bend up into position.

Spread glue thinly all over outside of bag and cover your whole shape with the hessian, tucking superfluous parts to inner side of bag and sticking down neatly. Leave to dry.

Cut four 4in. strips of braid and place them diagonally over the four top corners of the bag to form triangle corners. Stitch neatly in place.

Cut two 28in. strips of braid and whip them together edge to edge for 3½in. Leave the next 11in. separate, then whip together the remaining 3½in.

This forms gussets and top of bag. Sew one end into base of bag, then whip the edges together each side to top of bag.

Continue sewing one strip each



NOTICE THE CLEVER CLOSING of the carrier—you just slip your things inside and the two braid flaps fold over one another to keep them safe. Directions for making the bag are given on this page.

side of top of bag, then whip the other gusset to both sides down to the base of bag.

Sew a 12in. strip of braid along one side of the opening, then cut another 14in. strip (forming two little rolls at each end of it) to sew across the opening.

Cut two 15in. strips for each handle. Leaving 2in. at each end roll the middle part very firmly and

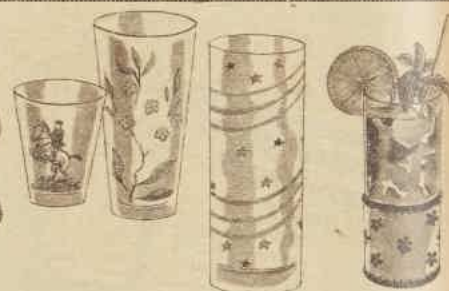
stitch to hold, using double thickness of sewing thread.

Turn in the raw edge at each end of handle and sew flat part of each handle firmly to bag just inside the "corners."

To line the bag make up the lining similarly to bag, inserting your gussets at a right angle to base and sewing neatly to top. Slip-stitch neatly into bag.



● **WRAPPINGS** for tiny gifts should be as festive as you can make them. Bring out the pinking shears and use them on pretty scraps of cotton or silk to make strong ties for packages. To make a frilly rosette "pink" out circles, cut holes in centre, string together.



● **CHEAPEST** drinking glasses can be turned into the gayest affairs with paint brush and lacquer. And lovely holders can be made from felt as shown above left and decorated with scraps. Edges are blanket-stitched in wool. All make charming little gifts.



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SILK



PURE
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PARACHUTES

64 square yards of white Pure China Silk worth 36/6 yard; together with 200 yards pure Silk Cord.

Ideal for women's dresses, gowns, underwear, children's wear, etc.

£10 Lot.

Freight and Insurance, 5/6 extra. Also lemon coloured genuine Nylon Silk Parachutes of 64 square yards with cord. Ideal for women's dresses, gowns, underwear, children's wear, etc. Worth £8 per yard.

£10 Lot.

Freight and Insurance, 5/6 extra. No coupons required.

DEITCH BROS.,
210A George St., Sydney



MULCH ROSES and summer flowering plants with old strawy manure or compost during summer.

Let your garden look after itself

If you intend to give your garden a holiday as well as take one yourself—make an early start, for there's plenty to do.

Adjust the cutting-plate of your lawn-mower and go over the lawns as closely as possible—cutting them evenly and well—and then trim up all the edges and make them ship-shape. The day before you go away, soak the lawn thoroughly for several hours with the sprinkler.

Then go over the flower beds and weed them thoroughly and cultivate them. Give them a sound saturating with the hose or sprinkler, and the day before you leave for that week-end or country guest-house give the beds a final hoeing to conserve moisture.

If you have plenty of dead leaves, rotted manure, chopped-up hay or straw, or decayed compost, go round

your rosebushes and shrubs, and all the clumps of perennial plants you value, and scatter a good thick blanket of the material round and about.

Don't sow seed or transplant soft, succulent seedlings just before going away for a holiday. You'll probably come back to find the seedbeds or boxes dried out and the contents dead.

Go round all your trees and shrubs and fork the soil lightly so that if it should rain they will receive the greatest benefit.

Early planted dahlias will be soaring by now, and will appreciate staking and tying up. This may also apply to chrysanthemums, delphiniums, and gladioli. Stake and tie up anything that is growing fast and may topple or be blown over before you get back from your holiday. It is far better to be sure than sorry.

Blustery north-easterlies and

sweeping southerlies can do irreparable damage to brittle, succulent plants in a few minutes, but a tie in time will save this damage.

Bring out your house plants and take your window-boxes and ledge-troughs down to the garden. Dig a trench and bury the flowerpots to within an inch of their tops, and fill in loosely all round, or, better still, embed all flowerpots in boxes or fruitcases filled with cinders, and ask your gardener to water them well and regularly during your absence.

Water your fruit and shade trees well, too, before ordering the taxi to take you away.

A tip in case you have a gardener: Don't forget to leave the key of your toolshed or garage with your gardener so that he can get your hose and gardening tools, and remind him to lock up before he goes away every evening. Tell him all there is to do, or leave him detailed written instructions.—Our Home Gardener.



• **FLOWERS** from your garden make a lovely finish for the Christmas morning gift. Or why not include a gift corsage made by your own fair hands?



• **DRIED** gum-leaves, acorns, pine cones, holly twigs can be cold-water painted and tied to your packages for color effect. Or leaves can be pasted to lid and sides.



• **CHARMING.** Make a garden or picnic-time tablecloth out of checked gingham and applique on to it leaf shapes cut from plain fabric. Trace from real leaves.

FORD PILLS
are different

FORD PILLS
are here again

FORD PILLS
contain the concentrated extract of bitter apples and give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

Get Ford Pills in unbreakable tubes . . . 2/6 at your nearest chemist or store.

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Nature can't HEAL while coughing continues!

Coughing causes irritation and damages delicate tissues.

STOP YOUR COUGH! Take

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"KILLS COLDS with KINDNESS!"

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rid your child of Worms

Thousands of Mothers have learned to depend EXPLICITLY on SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP for quick, permanent relief. San-o-lax contains salicylic acid, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) and not only destroys any worm presence, but also prevents recurrence. When your child is restless in its sleep don't listen to those who say, "It's just colic." It may be worms. If it is, don't delay, get SAN-O-LAX and start using right away. Children like it because it's pleasant to take—not like a medicine.

Your chemist sells

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WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.



BABY: You'll find a baby's life isn't all pink ribbon and lace!

MUMMY: But, honey! This is fun, so far!

BABY: Just wait, Mummy. Hours of playing and wriggling around makes a baby's skin mighty uncomfortable. That is—unless his Mummy uses Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder on him! Us babies need Johnson's Baby Cream—to keep us petal-soft and help prevent skin irritations. Plus Johnson's silky Baby Powder for times when chafes and prickles turn us into crybabies.

MUMMY: Say no more, sugar-plum! I get the idea—and you get the Johnson's!



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IN 10 DAYS

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If you're bored with making the same old sweets for dinner, send for a free copy of the Mynor Recipe Book. In it you will find wonderful sweets and sauces galore. Just send a 1½d. stamp and your name and address to Mynor Pty. Ltd., Dept. W.W. Mosman, N.S.W., and the recipe book is yours for the asking.



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Lipsticks. Your loveliness will be
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the envy of your friends? I have a
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own such a skin and will do the
same for you. It is something
different that does not consist of
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There is no diet, no fasting, nothing
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Fashion PATTERNS

F4469.—When on your holiday you
can be sure of looking your best for
dinner by making and wearing this
delightful and cool frock. Sizes
32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds.
38in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4470.—For the matron who con-
templates making a trip we suggest
this youthfully designed frock—
whether you be travelling by land,
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F4471.—A sophisticated suit like the
one featured on this page would be
the perfect solution of what to wear
when you at last take that long-
desired trip. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust.
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F4472.—Whether you are lounging
indoors or playing out of doors you
will feel free and happy from sum-
mer heat by wearing this sunsuit.
Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 11
yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4473.—Even the tiniest tot will
want something new for her holi-
day—so make her this darling play-
suit. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 4 to 6
years, and 6 to 8 years. Requires
1½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.



F4469

F4470



F4472

F4474.—Here is something
specially designed for the
young teen-agers. Bared
midriff gives that real holi-
day spirit to the vivacious
frock. Note the sleeve.
Sizes 14 to 16 years, 16 to
18 years, 18 to 20 years.
Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide,
and 3½yds. ribbon. Pattern,
1/8.

F4474



F4471

F4473

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Textile design rises to its
greatest height in the colorful
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MAKE YOU SO DESIRABLE
NO MATTER WHAT AGE.

Give Nature a chance to restore your
lagging powers. Don't be fat, nervy,
tired. Why suffer with constipation
or headaches, or any other so-called
modern complaint—I can give you
health better than you have ever
experienced. If you will only follow
my instructions, I have done it for
many thousands of women. Why not
you?

**BEAUTY COMES FROM A WAY OF
LIVING.**

Learn my Secrets. Your whole life
can change for the better, and you
will become the woman you wish to
be. Don't be sceptical—try my won-
derful 12 weeks' rejuvenating system.
It is health-giving.

NO DRUGS—NO HERBS

My Scientific Body Culture is the
proven, successful, safe and economical
Course. Write me a personal letter,
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Apply a ready-to-use
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fortably hot. Almost at once
you'll feel the moist heat go right
to work helping to relieve the
pain and soreness. You'll see
how it helps bring the boil to
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